

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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HANNAH MORE.

ONE of the most admirable and distinguished women of modern times was born at Stapleton, England, February 2, 1745. Her father was a teacher by profession, and educated his large family of daughters in a thorough and classical manner, although he was absurdly fearful of their becoming learned women. The elder sisters opened a school at Bristol, in which Hannah was assistant and pupil.

At the age of sixteen she commenced authorship, by the composition of the "Search after Happiness," a drama which was not published till

some years later. When twenty-two years old she accepted proposals of marriage from Mr. Turner, a gentleman of fortune, who had a beautiful country-seat near Bristol. She relinquished her share of the school, and made preparations for her nuptials suited to the mistress of an elegant establishment. As the wedding-day approached, Mr. Turner displayed much indecision, and postponed the fulfillment of his engagement from time to time without assigning any satisfactory reason. At last the friends of the lady interfered, and matters were concluded by his reluctant

withdrawal of his suit. It was soon after this unfortunate affair, and in consequence of a second offer of marriage, that Miss More made a resolution to remain single for life, and devote herself to literature.

When nearly thirty years of age she formed the friendship of Garrick the actor, and through him of nearly all the literary celebrities of the day. Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds became her intimates, and her society was soon courted by the highest circles of rank and fashion. At this period her London letters were mostly filled with the gossip of high life, and are very sprightly and entertaining.

While she entered freely into the gayeties of the world, she was a silent and thoughtful observer, and afterward embodied her experience in a work entitled "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great." It is a striking proof of the solidity of her character and the goodness of her heart that she was only improved by the flattering attentions of persons moving in a circle so much above her own.

The literary career of Hannah More extends over a period of sixty-three years. She tried almost every species of composition, and it is high praise to say that she failed in none. Of her principal dramatic work an excellent judge remarks: "'Percy' is a good play, and it is evident that the authoress might have excelled as a dramatic writer, had she devoted herself to that difficult species of composition."

"*Cœlibs in Search of a Wife*" has been the sneer of novel critics, and as a work of art can not rank high, but it draws the contrast between true domestic education and its opposite with great fidelity, and contains admirable suggestions to Christian parents. Her principal prose works, besides those we have mentioned, are an "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," "Hints toward Training the Character of a Young Princess," "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education," and several religious and devotional works, besides her Cheap

Repository Tracts. These tracts, though humble in form and subject, have enjoyed a great popularity, and are still read with interest. "*The Shepherd of Salisbury Plains*" has traveled all over the world, and been translated into many languages. All her works are characterized by soundness and vigor of thought, practical views, and unostentatious benevolence.

It is as an educator and benefactress of the poor that Miss More commands our love and veneration. In 1786, tired of the frivolous pursuits of the great, she retired from London society to the humble cottage of her sisters near Bristol, and devoted the maturity of her splendid powers to the most self-denying labors for the lower classes of society. Her sisters sympathized with her, and it was a beautiful sight to behold this whole gifted family united not only in the tenderest attachment, but in daily walks of charity.

Miss More realized a large fortune from the sale of her works, and left by will about £10,000 to charitable purposes, besides the large sums she expended during her life-time. She died, venerable in years and piety, September 7, 1833. The following estimate of Miss More is selected from her "Life and Correspondence:"

"All the powers of her mind were devoted to the solid improvement of society. Her aims were all practical; and it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to name a writer who has laid before the public so copious a variety of original thoughts and reasonings, without any admixture of speculation or hypothesis. * * * *

Her indefatigable pen was ever at work; kept in motion by a principle of incessant activity, never to stop but with her pulse; never to need refreshment of change; and never to be weary in well-doing. Thus to do good and to distribute was no less the work of her head than of her hand, and the rich and the great were among the objects of her charity. The specific relief of which they stood in need she was ever forward to supply; and as

she passed so many of her earliest years among them, she knew well their wants, and how to administer to them. She was a woman of business in all the concerns of humanity, refined or common, special or general, and had a sort of righteous cunning in dealing with different cases; exposing without irritating, reproving without discouraging, probing without wounding; always placing duty upon its right motives, and showing the perversity of error by bringing it into close comparison with the loveliest forms of truth and godliness."

THE SCULPTOR AND HIS STATUE.

THERE stands my Thought! Men gather round and gaze;
And eyes of brightness — maiden's eyes — are dim
With the unspoken burden of their souls.
To crowds, 't is but a marble statue, wrought
With most consummate skill; each flowing tress
Hangs o'er the Parian brow, as carelessly
As 't were the silken locks of laughing boy;
And each proportioned limb seems bent to spring
Forth 'mid the eager crowd. They say it needs
Naught but the crimson life-tide — naught but breath
To match creation's masterpice; they name
Old artists, who were crowned in Grecian fanes,
Who worshiped reverently at Art's pure shrine,
And wore her wreaths of glory; likening me
To Phidias — and I hear and seek to find
One word that tells they comprehend the form
They look upon for hours. Ah! none can see
That 't is but the embodiment of a thought,
Which through long years has nestled in my soul; —
A thought which sought to be incarnated,
And dwell among the throngs of sordid men,
Mayhap to be a silent teacher — yet
Most eloquent in its silence. I have wrought
Through the still hours, when earth was overhung
By the bright starry slopes of heaven; when
Day
Spread o'er the hills her golden canopy,

Her vaulted ceiling, where the floating clouds
Seemed winged like the angels; when the flowers

Wooed me with their soft eyes, to cast aside
My dusty toil-worn robe, and bathe my brow
In the free air and light, I heeded not,
But grasped my chisel tightly, and carved on.

Ay! yonder statue hath my life's warm blood,
And my faint breath within it. 'T was my task; —

Now 't is my finished work, and I may rest.
Oh wondering crowds! will ye not learn to mold

Your lives into a form of such rare grace,
That 'mid the sculptures of the mansioned land,

Or in the temple of the glorified,
Of spiritual beauty, ye may speak?

I saw yon figure on the mountain-side,
Where it was quarried. There it lay among
Rough masses of unshapen stone; a block
Of earth-soiled marble, hiding in its heart
The beauty which should robe my struggling thought.

And so the human form is but the thought,
The breath of God, arrayed in fleshly garb;
And when the breath he gave it shall have passed,

The robe will molden, and take other forms,
But the undying soul will live for aye.

Ay! in all hearts there is the breath of God, —

His image, which would shine from every brow,

Would but the sculptor hand bring out the lines,

And disenthral the tracery, which lies
Under the rubbish heaps, which Sin hath piled

Above the fallen treasure.

June, 1857.

THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

THE whole broad earth is beautiful
To minds attuned aright,
And wheresoe'er my feet are turned,
A smile has met my sight.
The city with its bustling walk,
Its splendor, wealth and power;
A ramble by the river side,
A passing summer flower;
The meadow green, the ocean swell,
The forest waving free,
Are gifts of God, and speak in tones
Of kindness to me.
And oh! where'er my lot is cast, —
Where'er my footsteps roam,
If those I love are near to me,
That spot is still my home.

TEACHING COMMON THINGS.

THE following extracts from a speech of Lord Ashburton, before the elementary school-teachers at Winchester, contain matter of interest and importance to all parents and educators:

"I do not require you to remit in the slightest degree your attention to the mechanical arts of writing and reading, or the practice of arithmetic; but I do ask you to turn your attention and the attention of your scholars to the acquirement, at the same time, of other principles of knowledge which will continue fruitful of improvement, as reading and writing are fruitful of improvement in after life.

"I ask you to show, not only by your lessons in school, but still more powerfully by your example out of school, how the garden can best be cultivated; how the dwelling may be most efficiently and economically warmed and ventilated; upon what principles food and clothing should be selected; how chronic ailments may be averted by timely attention to premonitory symptoms, and recourse to the physician. You can teach the measurement of work, the use of the lever, the pulley, and the windlass; you can, in short, expound those methods suggested by ever-advancing science, by which toil may be lightened, and subsistence economized. All this is capable of being taught, and well taught.

"Why is one mother of a family a better economist than another? Why can one live in abundance, where another starves? Why, in similar dwellings, are the children of one parent healthy, of the other puny and ailing? Why can this laborer do with ease a task which would kill his fellow? It is not luck nor chance that decides these differences; it is the patient observation of nature, that has suggested to some gifted minds rules for their guidance which have escaped the heedlessness of others.

"Why should not these rules, systematized by science, illustrated by

your didactic powers, why should not they be imparted to the pupils of your schools, to enable youth to start at once with the experience of age? or, if this be not in every case possible, why should not all be taught betimes to read those lessons in the book of nature from which some have derived such unquestionable advantage?"

After referring to the strikes among factory operatives, just then occurring, and the ignorance they showed of the simplest principles of political economy, Lord Ashburton proceeds to say:

"After these remarks, it is but just that I should be called upon to explain distinctly what it is that I propose that you should teach, how the topics are to be selected, how connected, in what manner brought forward. Allow me to begin by reminding you that yours is not the only education given in life. There is yet another, beginning earlier, continuing later, producing greater results; and that is the education of home. It is there that the child, by the side of parents or of its neighbor, is familiarized, partly by imitation, partly by precept, with the rudiments of its future occupation. It is there that the girl is trained to love a mother's cares and duties; it is there that the boy learns to demean himself as a member of society, as a father of a family.

"Let any man pass over in his own mind the business of a given day; he will there see how much the larger, the more important part of that business he has learned at home. Let me give you an instance. The Chelsea school for the education of the female orphan children of soldiers was given up, because it was found that the girls there educated became an easy prey to the temptations of the world. This was not because they were less religiously, less morally brought up than other girls, but because, being withdrawn as infants from a home education, they lacked that knowledge of the world which home alone can give; because the only experience they had gained at school was how to deal with their girl

companions. They had no experience to guide them when brought into contact with other companions and other trials. Such children must have been equally incapable of performing the duties of good housewives, good mothers; in short, they had received a mere school education, which, at the best, under the most careful, the most accomplished teaching, left them ignorant of the great indispensable duties of life. And be it remembered that when, with reference to orphan children, I speak of the advantage of home, I speak of a home under perhaps a harsh relation, or under a stranger more harsh, more unfeeling still. But even in that home, under that severe training, experienced from the tenderest years, nature provides compensations for the lack of a mother's care, which no school can give; for, thrown on her own resources from earliest infancy, in the midst of that world in which she is destined to live, the child grows in experience as danger springs up in her path. Her quickened perceptions, her rapidly matured character, become her safeguard.

"Now, with this education at home, it is not for us to compete, for it is the education of nature. It is acquired not through the medium of words only, but through the medium of the senses also, which senses God has given us to employ for that purpose, graciously allotting to each exertion of their powers its appropriate pleasure to sweeten and stimulate their use. Your education, on the other hand, is an artificial education, imparted chiefly through the medium of words, appealing mostly to the reason instead of the senses, divested, I regret to say, too often through the fault of the teacher, of the pleasurable excitement which God intended to accompany the acquisition of each new idea.

"Your mission is to assist and complete the home education. Your care should be so to work as to stimulate rather than impair the instinctive craving for knowledge; the vigor of the

attention, the retentiveness of the memory, the practical character of the understanding. You will do this best if you take the successive facts in the child's life; facts with which he is familiar; and upon his knowledge of those facts you engraft first the principle of theory which explains them, and then all the kindred facts — deductions from the same principle — which may be useful in after life. For example: the child sees the fire kindled by his mother at the bottom of the grate, and asks why. She can not tell it why, but you can; you can do more — you can not only explain why fire spreads upward rather than downward, but having done so, you light, by way of further illustration of the principle, a strip of paper; you hold it with the flame downward, and show how instantaneously the whole is consumed. You light another and throw it on its side; it scarcely burns. You then proceed, upon these facts witnessed and understood, to build up other kindred facts, hitherto unobserved, but good for use and improving to the intelligence. You show how, if a girl's frock catches fire, she should at once, in obedience to this same principle, be, like the paper shred laid flat; and then you might further show how, in conformity with a second principle, illustrated by the way in which a candle is put out by an extinguisher, the air might be excluded from the burning frock, by throwing a cloak over it, and the flame extinguished. Take another case. As the flame of the candle used up by the air confined under the extinguisher, and went out for want of more, so we also, sitting in large numbers in a small room, use up rapidly the vital part of the air, and sicken for want of more, and would absolutely die, were the doors and windows altogether air-tight.

"Again: water is brought in for breakfast. The child has pumped it. He has seen the pump repaired, and witnessed how his father strained to pull up the very same sucker by hand, which, with the help of the pump

handle, he has been working up and down with ease. This is one familiar fact whereon to rest the knowledge of the lever. The use of the spade presents another, when it enables the child to tear up a block of clay from its adherence to the soil beneath, which block he would vainly attempt to lift afterward one inch with his hands. The water is put into the kettle, of which the bottom is purposely left uncleaned, on the plea that the water will on that account boil the more quickly. You confirm the fact; you explain why this is the case, and you show that two principles are involved: one principle teaches, also, that paint exposed to the sun should be of a light color, in order to stand without blistering; the other principle leads to the further result, that a bright metal teapot will retain its heat longer, and therefore make better tea, than one of crockery, black and unglazed.

"Again: the water boils in the kettle by the same law which diffuses the warmth of the fire in the room, and creates the draught in the chimney. By this law the cause of smoky and ill-ventilated rooms may be explained, and the proper remedies suggested.

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"Social questions are more difficult, not because it is less easy to explain them, but because the minds of children are less interested by their discussion. The child understands when and why nuts are cheap. It would be no difficult task to extend the results of superfluity on price to the effect of over-population in the New Forest, where numbers, exceeding the demand for their labor, have been attracted by the prospect of enjoying for their pigs, and geese, and ponies, unstinted rights of common. Again, the child knows by hard experience that the family must go on half rations when bread falls short on Friday night, and the shop gives no more credit. But ask it what England must do when there is but half a crop. Ask it who will do for England what their mother did for them, when she prevented them from

consuming all they had at one meal. You may perhaps lead them, step by step, to see at last that the rise of price is our only safeguard against famine, and that this rise of price is not the work of any one man, or of any set of men, but that it originates in the expectation of those who hold corn that they will sell dearer if they sell later. You may perhaps succeed in showing, further, that God has not left the many to be preyed upon by the avarice of the few; that, on the contrary, he has ordered things in this case, and indeed in all other cases, so to make it the interest of the few to consult the interest of the many, and to visit with actual loss those of the few who, out of ignorance, act in opposition to the interest of the many. If, for example, Farmer Styles holds back his supplies in spring, and, by refusing to sell at the price then offered, raises prices to such an extent as to prevent the spring from having its full share of the year's supply, the part of that share which has been unconsumed will be added to the share of the summer, and prices will then fall, when Farmer Styles expects to sell at an enhanced price.

"You may thus go on founding the unknown upon that which is known and familiar, gratifying and exciting, but never satiating the natural appetite for knowledge, inculcating what, once heard and understood, will never be forgotten, at the same time that you cultivate those faculties which distinguish the man from the brute; and you impart an elevation, a self-reliance to his character, which will tend more than any thing to raise him above sensual pleasures. By such training as this you will give him more than mere information — you will give him habits of observing, reflecting, and acting for himself.

"If I want to equip an emigrant for the backwoods, should I encumber him with ready-made articles, with chairs, and tables, and stools? Do I not rather teach him how to make these articles for himself out of the material beside

him? You are fitting out the youth for the rude campaign of life. How shall he be equipped? Shall it be with cut-and-dried ideas, the fruit of the working of other men's minds,—or shall he go forth trained to gather, combine, and use ideas, the materials for which encompass him round about? You teach him to read, in order that he may in after-life use the thoughts of the wise among men; teach him also to read nature, which is wiser and more powerful still. Books he may or may not have in his emergencies; nature is always with him. That is not the best army which has the most baggage. What the packs of hounds, and the bands of music, and the services of plate were to our army in Afghanistan, the million facts of modern education are to the boy on his entrance in life; the first serious conflict, the first encounter with realities, dissolve the charm, and the hard-earned inutilities are discarded as superfluous lumber; and yet

‘The world is still deceived by ornament.’

“By adopting my suggestions you will not satisfy the majority of those who attend annual inspections. Their admiration is reserved for the brilliant results which are to be exhibited by drawing from the minds of children thoughts transplanted there without roots, the produce of wiser minds. Your pupils will be of altogether a different stamp; they will know comparatively little, but the notions they have will be of home growth, of slender, immediate, apparent value, proportioned as they must be to the infant minds, in which they have sprung, but capable of subsequent development, to meet the emergency which may require their use.

“The man of sense will distinguish at a glance their earnest, intelligent eye, their alert manner, their pertinent answers. He will give due credit to your work and to your system; but you must resign yourselves for a time to the fate of being decried and slighted by the majority, who are too apt to value things as they are destined to

be, and, above all, to underrate the sure and slow growth which is generally the characteristic of the highest merit. Our busy, thoughtless world is too disposed to despise little gains, and yet little gains store most wealth; little moral gains, triumphs over petty temptations, make the firmest characters. So also little intellectual gains, made hour by hour, and minute by minute, at every step in life, the result of early habit and wise education, do more to ripen the intellect, and even to mature the character, than any instruction that can be hammered in from without.

“It is given to you, teachers of the rising generation, to bend their minds in this direction. The misery which can be remedied by the charity of rich men is purely physical, the relief can only extend to few; it neither elevates those who receive it, nor their children after them. But the misery which the teacher can avert, by substituting self-support and self-respect for dependence and beggary, has no limits to its amount; it multiplies blessings both on the present and on succeeding generations.”

And the following remarks from the *London Times* on the same subject are quite as applicable on this side of the water as in England.

“It should never be forgotten that household service is the only school that many a woman ever passes through, and to many a woman it is a pernicious school. If she has never learned to save in the midst of plenty, she can not begin to save under the pressure of small means. As she has never had reason for turning small things to account,—to make the most of odds and ends,—she is often reduced, and reduces her husband, to a recurring vicissitude of one day's feasting and three or four days' fasting, with an intermediate day of scraps. And she is utterly ignorant of the thousand ways of dressing vegetables with a little meat or fish, so as to make the absence of a more substantial dish unregretted. And this happens in a million

homes in a country which has, on the whole, the finest fish, the richest and most succulent meats, and produces or imports poultry, eggs and butter to an extent which precludes their excessive dearness at any season. And while this happens with us, the French peasant, with lower wages, with fewer materials of food, is making savory dishes and healthy condiments out of the simplest produce of the field and moor. Who can wonder, then, that while an English army is half starved, despite of numerous appliances and supplies, a French army feeds itself out of the rudest of Nature's gifts? Miss Burdett Coutts and Lord Ashburton, who took the lead which she has so well followed, will have earned the gratitude of the country, if they have done nothing more than set people thinking about the amelioration of their cookery, and lead high teachers to consider that the art of feeding is really a science which affects the well-being of some twenty million citizens in England, and may often affect the existence of a quarter of a million soldiers abroad; and our social reformers will do well by following her example, and teaching the people of England that which to the majority of them is still a great secret,—what food to buy, and how to cook it."

AGE.

BUT few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passional, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves; the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to

break, or like the candle, to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to his physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches on the average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

THE HOME CIRCLE.—Correct conversational habits cannot be laid aside and resumed at pleasure. Would you converse with ease in a social circle, practice the same at your own firesides. The domestic circle claims your attention. There are hosts of men who make their homes the scenes of all their ill-humor. Does business go wrong, the inmates of the domestic sanctuary are sure to be made the victims of their evil temper. When a man leaves his place of business, he should leave the cares and annoyances of the traffic with his goods. If there is any place in the world where a man should be a thorough gentleman, that place is his own house.

HELEN LOWBER.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

"Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!"

MANY summers ago, a youthful band came together upon the shores of wisdom, gathering beside those pleasant waters sunlight for the future, and pearls of matchless beauty to adorn the mind. Two of the many are before us now, in the varied phases of hope, happiness, and grief. The one was noble and manly, aspiring and hopeful, his soul seeking to cast off the fetters of passion and sense, caught through the vistas of ignorance and wrong, glimpses of the truth that should eventually enlighten the world. The other, a girl of seventeen, came from beyond the far blue hill toward the setting sun, her heart laden with love for the beautiful and the sublime; nor was this wealth of love lavished upon a few creations of the great Artist, but gushing forth, full and free, till in its onward flow it embraced all that the Godhead had pronounced "good!"

It was the hour when twilight revisits earth with peaceful quiet, that she sat looking into the west; shadows were gathering upon the silvery lake, and "the pale child, Eve, leading her mother, Night," came with silent footfall along its shores; yet she thought not that in after years, so should the shadows of memory darken the present, and blight the future.

"So, Helen, you can never love me," said the youth, rising to depart; "then let our pathways separate, and as we go forth amid the scenes of life, let us labor for the right, believing that our trials here are necessary to the inheritance of the kingdom and the crown. May you be happy, Helen: farewell!"

Thus they parted; Helen knelt and besought the Father who had so tenderly guarded her, to guide and watch over the interests of her friend, and di-

rect her own footsteps in the path of duty.

Edward Latimer returned to his room; darkness and gloom enshrouded his hopes; banished was the light that had gilded his brightest visions; but in that hour he made resolves, which gave the "form and pressure" to his noblest deeds.

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The school-term closed; students were scattered hither and thither, many to meet no more on earth, and others when time and care should have left their impress on brow and cheek.

Our friend Helen returned to her western home, to brighten her parents' declining years, and as opportunity might allow, to teach the children of the west the sublime truths of the finite and Infinite; of humanity and God. And happily were those tasks performed. To her parents she was faithful, dutiful, and kind, ministering to their many wants with filial tenderness, and by unwearied efforts seeking to detain life's hastening sands. They who called her friend and teacher, saw, in the face of science, beauty where deformity had seemed, and in the gift of friendship, greater value.

Years passed by, adding their silvery footprints to the crown of age, and lines of thought upon the brow of youth; and with those years came days that were freighted with sorrow, hours that were laden with sighs.

On an autumn day, after the flowers had faded and the leaves fallen, a messenger came to bear the father away; true, he had come from a world perfect in beauty and holiness, and to whose perfection was added the seal of immortality; yet the passage thither was called — death. The footsteps of love attended him to the brink of the Dark River, and blessing his companion and child, he cast off for the other shore, and they, the bereaved, turned back to the mechanical duties of life.

The winter months came and went, bringing alternate cheer and gloom to the little cottage of our friend; but

when the spring-time dawned, when the snow from the valley had well nigh fled, and the unfettered brooks were singing in joyous notes, when the warm sun-rays gave promise of life and beauty to come, and had sent the blue-eyed violet to insure the gift, though its coming was delayed, *then* came *again* the summons to depart; an angel called for the mother to go with him; hastily was the farewell given; and the last prayer offered, hastily the earth ties severed, and they were gone.

Orphaned and alone! God pity such! Returning from the graves of buried love, darker, lonelier, seems the way before us, weak and frail the bonds that unite us here; and as Helen looked about the vacant rooms, as her eye fell upon "the old arm chair," beside the stand whereon lay the well-worn family Bible, as she gazed into the future, the shadows deepened into darkness, even as they had done upon the fair bosom of the lake in her school-days. In these hours of loneliness, came there not remembrances of one whose youth-dreams had faded at her bequest? nor a wish for the guidance of that spirit which had met her own in earlier days?—"It might have been." Was it strange then, that amid the lowering clouds, Helen's chief desire was, for an early entrance into that world whither the loved had gone?

Oh! in the night-time of life, ye afflicted, look above! there sitteth the Ruler, who, though he governs worlds and systems of worlds, noteth even a sparrow fall! Then fear not, ye who are his by creation and adoption, for the night shall wear away! lo, the east already brightens; behold! the morning dawneth!

* * * * *

Weeks have passed by: in an eastern city, surrounded by elegance and wealth, we find the gentle Helen. A maternal uncle, who at the home treasury had feasted while others starved, one who rarely yielded to the calls of others, had welcomed her to his home.

He remembered again the golden-haired sister of his boyhood days, seeing the child of that sister a homeless orphan, and his strongest sympathies were moved. So the door of his heart turned once more on its rusty hinges—a door which many had sought to enter in, but had not been able. And now the recipient of affection's choicest care, with every want supplied, how can she be otherwise than happy. Aye, so she is; yet in the past there is a path—a spirit-path, leading beside new-made graves, and anon into pleasant fields, which memory often treads.

Helen, not to be entirely dependent on the kindness of others, had resolved to aid herself. Upon inquiry, it seemed advisable at present to teach a class in drawing. Taking the names of her pupils the first day of the term, she came to a bright-eyed little girl, the smallest of the group, who gave her name:

"Helen L. Latimer."

"What is the L. for, my dear?" said the teacher.

"Lowber," replied the little namesake.

"And who gave you that name?"

"My father, because he liked it so well."

Ah! had she not met the gaze of those dark, speaking eyes in the days that were past? Did not that chord, so long silent, vibrate with youthful life at the mention of a name for years unheard?

Days, weeks, and months passed by, enriched by social pleasures, and improved amid the wondrous beauties of art and nature; and now, the drawing-term has nearly closed; pupils meet for the last lesson. "Why will not Miss Lowber continue to give instruction? Her class shall be enlarged—her remuneration increased." Nothing changes her purpose, so the connection of teacher and pupil ceases.

Another spring-time gladdens the earth, and the home of Edward is the

home of Helen. How have the passing years dealt with him, the hero of our humble tale! Ah! his is the experience of us all: he had found life as it ever is, interspersed with its joys and sorrows, its rough places and smooth. By dint of perseverance and industry, he had risen high in his profession, and even now had gathered laurels which older heads might have proudly worn. After finishing his studies, he married one whose gentle ways and confiding love had won his heart. And, though he loved his home with its mildly-beaming light, and wept with heart-broken grief when that light went out, yet there were sympathies in his nature that had never been met — a love in his soul which had had no recipient; still he looked lovingly back upon the past, fraught with cherished memories of the departed, feeling that as the charms of earth were fading, those of heaven grew strong; yet, for his child and his fellow-men, he would still live and labor.

Slowly the darkness wore away, but in the light which beamed through the parted clouds, he trod life's paths with a firmer step and nobler purpose. Then came the resurrection of a hope buried beneath the weight of years; then came the joy so long deferred, a tree of Life, according to the promise, bearing earth's choicest fruits.

"Father!" said Helen, one day, looking up from a wreath of flowers she was twining, "father, did the same angels that carried mother away, bring my new mother here?"

"Why, my daughter?" asked her father.

"I guess they thought they'd make us as happy as we had been unhappy; don't you?" was her artless answer.

As no good is perfect, so neither is any evil at its highest pitch. That which proceeds from heaven requires patience; and that which comes from the world, prudence.

THE VILLAGE BELL.

BY EMMA.

HARK! hear ye not the village bell
Tolling no solemn funeral knell,
But summoning with joyous sound
The village and the country round;
To bid their worshipers appear
In Zion's courts with hearts sincere.

Oh, welcome sound! how gladly all
Obey with thankful hearts thy call;
How gladly turn their willing feet
To that loved spot where they may meet
Their God, their pastor, and their friends,
And taste the joy which Heaven sends.

I love thee when at break of day
Thou bid'st us rise to watch and pray;
To take in busy life our place,
With hearts imbued with heavenly grace;
And bravely, nobly labor on,
Until the work of life is done.

I love thee when the day is o'er,
And in our homes we meet once more,
For then I hear thy warning chime
Reminding of the flight of time;
And as it floats on evening air,
It calms my mind, and soothes my care.

But sadder thoughts are those which rise
Within my breast, when dearest ties
Are severed by death's cruel power,
And thy sad sound proclaims the hour
When earth to earth again is given,
And dear ones part to meet in heaven.

Yet, village bell, thy merry chime
Or solemn tone, in every clime
Awakens feelings pure and calm,
Conveys to weary hearts a balm;
It points their troubled souls above,
And bids them trust a Saviour's love.

BUFFALO, June, 1857.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

DELIGHTFUL scenes of childhood's days,
They swiftly fled, they'll come no more,
But memory oft dejected, strays,
Recalls their joys and counts them o'er;
She loves to trace that reckless mirth,
Those fearless, thoughtless joys I won,
When happy round the halcyon hearth —
Of home, my home, my father's home.

Sweet halcyon scenes of early years,
Your fadeless glory I must mourn,
Yet like your fields and flowers appear,
Or, like your elm I'll brave the storm;
Be fortune's smiles, or frowns my lot,
Like this lone bird where'er I roam,
My wildest, saddest, fondest note,
Shall tell of home, my father's home.

UP A COURT.

WE give place to the following touching story, from *Chambers' Journal*, because it so strongly appeals to the affectionate and sympathetic emotions of our nature. People who have children, and those who are poor, or who have a spirit of pity for those who are so, will read the story of "Little Willie" with deep interest. For other persons it is not here inserted. As we pass the laboring poor, let us not count him mean and immoral because he is not tidy and well-dressed. Perchance he is compelled to live "Up a Court" which wealth has built to rent, and which sets the price on the poor man's labor, as well as prescribes what shall be his habitation, and the rent he shall pay for it.

Two or three years ago, I established myself in one of the large manufacturing towns of Lancashire, with the intention of there commencing my career as an artist. I was young and little known; and though I had studied assiduously, and felt confident in my own capabilities for the so-called higher walks of art, yet, as the public at that time showed no particular admiration of my productions, I found it convenient to abandon for a time my ambitious dreams, and apply myself to portrait-painting, in order to procure daily bread. I soon obtained a tolerable amount of miscellaneous patronage, and the constant succession of sitters of every grade made my occupation an amusing one.

I was about to cease from my labors one Saturday afternoon, when a low knock at the door attracted my attention.

"Come in!" I cried; and the door opening, a man entered, whose soiled moleskin dress, sprinkled with cotton flakes, bespoke him a factory "hand."

"Beg pardon for disturbin' yo'," said my visitor; "but aw coom to see if you'd do a bit of a job for me?"

"What sort of a job?"

"Why, it's a little lad o' mine as is ill, and we thinken as we could like

to have his portrait ta'en wi' them colored chalks if yo'd be so good as to do it. You 'd ha' to coom to our house, 'cause he's bedfast; but we'd be quite willin' to pay summat moor than the usual charge for th' extra trouble as ye'd hev."

"Oh, I'll do it with pleasure," said I. "But when do you want me to come?"

"Why, now, if yo' con," said my new patron; "for you seen we han but one place, an' it's not allus fit for a gentleman to go into; but of a Saturday afternoon it's clyeaned up an' quite tidy; an' Willie'd be finely pleased to sit, if yo' could coom wi' me now."

I assented at once, packed up what I required, and we sallied forth.

"You are employed in a mill, I suppose," said I, as we walked on.

"Ay, aw'm a spinner at Wotton's. We stop'n sooner of a Saturday, an' so aw took th' opportunity o' coomin'."

"And what is the matter with your little boy?"

"Why, aw'm fear'd he's in a consumption. He geet his back hurt when he wur a little un, an' he's never looked up sin'. Poor thing! he's worn away till he's nowt but skin an' bone, and has a terrible caugh, as well'y shakes him to pieces. But he's allus lively, though he can not stir off his little bed; an' he's as merry as a cricket when he sees me coomin' whoam at neet, especially if he spies a new book stickin' out o' my jacket-pocket. He likes readin', and aw' buy him a book when aw've a spare shillin'. But here's Grimes' Court. We mun turn up here, if yo' please'n."

Turning out of the dingy street we had been traversing, we entered a gloomy little court, containing much dirt and many children; where the heat from the closely-packed houses, combining with the natural warmth of the air, produced an atmosphere like that of a baker's oven. The contributions of the inhabitants, in the shape of rotten vegetables, ashes, and dirty water, formed a confused and odorous

heap in the center of the court; and among these ancient relics a wretched, misanthropic-looking hen was digging with the zeal of an antiquary.

"Why is this rubbish suffered to lie here?" said I; "the scent from it must be both offensive and injurious. Are there no receptacles for these matters? no sewers to receive this filthy water?"

"There's a sewer, but it's choked up; an' when we teem'n ony watter down, it breyks through into that cellar at the corner, and then th' owd mon as lives in it grumbles, 'cause it runs on to his shelf an' mars his bit o' meyt. So we're like to teem it down th' middle o' the court, an' let it go where it will. As for th' ashes, an' 'tato-pillin's, an' sich like, we'n nowhere else to put 'em, for we can not brun 'em."

"Have you no yard behind your house?"

"No; th' cottages as they build 'm now are mostly set back to back, to save room an' bricks. There's but two places in 'em, one above, an' one below; so we're like to put th' victuals an' the coals under th' stairs. They think us poor folk need no breathin'-room."

It seemed to have been cleaning-day at all the houses; the women, in clean caps and aprons, were setting the tea-things, while their husbands, most of them pale-faced operatives, lounged outside, enjoying their Saturday evening's leisure.

A pleasant-looking, neatly-dressed woman met us at the door of the house before which my conductor halted, and with a smile and a courtesy invited me to enter. The room, though small, and crowded with furniture, was extremely clean, and as neatly arranged as the heterogeneous nature of its contents would permit. An old clock, with a dim, absent-looking face, ticked merrily in one corner, and on the chest of drawers opposite the door were a number of books, a stag's horn, and a stuffed owl, which squinted with one of his glass eyes, and stood on his legs

with the air of a bird who was more than half-seas over.

"Is that Mr. Worthington, father?" said a small, weak voice.

"Ay, this is him, Willie," said my companion, going toward the window, beside which I now perceived a small bed, and in it a little deformed boy. He was propped up with pillows, and held out his thin hand with a smile as I approached. The pale face, the transparent skin, the large, bright, eager eyes, and parched lips of the little patient, told but too plainly the nature of his disease. His mother was still busy with his toilet, or, as she phrased it, "snoddin' him up a bit;" so, taking a seat beside him, I arranged my paper and pencils, while the good woman brushed his hair and smoothed the collar of his night-dress.

"There, aw think he'll do now, John; will n't he?" said she, addressing her husband, who had watched her operations with great interest.

"Thou's made him look gradely weel," answered John; "an' so now, Mr. Worthington, we'll leave Willie an' yo' to keep house, while my wife and me goes to th' market."

The worthy couple departed; and I commenced my sketch, feeling rather doubtful whether I could reproduce on paper the little wan, half-infantine, half-aged face that looked up at me with a strange, quiet smile.

"Are you not weary, sometimes, Willie, with lying here constantly?" I inquired.

"Sometimes," he answered, "but not often: there's always somethin' to look at, you see; either th' childer outside, or th' old hen, or the donkey-man as sells blackin'. Once," continued Willie, growing confidential, "there was a real Punch an' Judy came into th' court, an' the man as was with it saw me through the window, an' asked mother if I was bedridden; an' when she told him I was, he brought Punch an' Judy close to th' window, an' let me watch 'em ever such a while; an' he said he'd come again some time."

"Have you some plants there, Willie?" said I, pointing to two black jugs, filled with soil, in which some small brown stumps were visible.

"Yes; they're rose-trees as mother set for me. She says they're dead; but there may be a little bit of 'em alive somewhere, an' so I water 'em every day still. An' see, father's made me a garden in th' window here," added he, proudly exhibiting a large plate, covered with a piece of wet flannel, on which mustard-seed had been strewn. The seed, sprouting forth vigorously, had covered the surface of the plate with bright green vegetation. "Isn't it nice?" said he, looking up with sparkling eyes. "Sometimes I put my eyes close to it, an' look through between the stalks, an' then I can almost fancy it's a great forest, an' every little stalk a big tree, an' me ramblin' about among 'em like Robinson Crusoe."

"Have you read Robinson Crusoe, Willie?"

"Yes, many a time," he answered. "Look, I've these books too;" and he drew a couple of volumes from beneath the pillow—Bruce's Travels and Typee. "An' father's promised me a new book when he gets his wages raised."

He had talked too eagerly, and was stopped by a dreadful fit of coughing, which left him panting and exhausted. He lay quiet, and listened delightedly, while I described to him what I had witnessed in the course of my own limited rambles; yet showing, by his minute questions, that eager and painful longing for a sight of the open country which the sick so often display. When, finally, I promised to bring him some flowers at my next visit, his joy knew no bounds.

We had become fast friends by the time the father and mother returned; and great was their delight when I had exhibited my sketch, already more than half finished, and in which I had succeeded beyond my expectations. The child's artless talk, and the simple kindness of the parents, interested

and pleased me, and I continued to work zealously at the portrait till the twilight, which fell in Grime's Court two hours earlier than anywhere else, compelled me to cease. Promising to return on the following Saturday to complete the work, I departed, after receiving a kiss from Willie, who held me by the collar, while he enjoined me to be punctual, and to mind and bring the flowers.

Saturday afternoon arrived in due course, and having furnished myself with a bouquet as large as a besom, I betook myself early to Grime's Court. Willie was watching for me at the window, and clapped his hands for joy at the sight of my floral prize. While I resumed my task, he busied himself in examining, arranging, and rearranging his treasure, discovering new beauties every moment, and peeping into the flower-cups as if they were little fairy palaces, filled with untold wonders, as they doubtless were to him. The portrait was just finished when John came home, and he and his wife vied with each other in expressing admiration of my performance.

"I'm sure yo're nother paid nor haulf paid wi' what yo' charg'n," said he, as he placed the payment in my hand; "but aw'll try to come out o' yer debt some time, if aw live."

"An' mony thanks to yo' sir," said the mother, "for the pleasure as yo'n gin to the child. Nothin' pleases him like flowers, an' he seldom gets ony."

"Willie's full o' presents to-day," said John; "see thee, lad!" and he drew forth a new book, and placed it in the child's outstretched hands.

"Look, look, Mr. Worthington!" cried Willie, his little face flushed with excitement and pleasure; a Journey Round the World, and full of pictures—only look!"

"Ay, aw thought that would please thee," said his gratified father. "Now thou can ramble round th' world bout stirring off thy bed. But stop a bit, Mr. Worthington," he added, as I was preparing to depart, "aw've summat

to fotch down stairs before yo' go'n ; sit yo' down a minute ; and John vanished up the stairs, whence he speedily returned with a small parcel in his hand. Unfolding the paper he displayed a long, narrow box, formed out of a piece of curiosity-marked wood. On the lid, an owl's head, evidently copied from the squinting individual on the drawers, was carved with considerable skill.

"Is that your work, John?" exclaimed I, in some surprise.

"Ay!" said John, with a grin. "Aw see'd as yo' carried yer pencils an' t' other things lapped up in a piece o' paper, an' aw thought a box would be a deal handier ; so aw 've made this at neets, when aw'd done my work, an' aw's feel very proud if yo' 'll accept on 't."

"That I will," said I ; "and thank you heartily. But how is this, John? why, you are quite an artist! Where did you learn to carve so well?"

"Aw took it up o' mysel' when aw wur a lad, an' aw carve bits o' things now an' then for the neighbor's childer ; so aw geet th' designer at our mill to draw me that owl's yead fro' this on th' drawers, and then aw cut it out. Willie can draw a bit ; aw 'll warrant he 'll copy most o' them flowers as yo'n brought him, afore they wither'n : will t'ou not, Willie?"

The boy lay still, with his face turned toward the window, and did not answer.

"Willie! Willie! — why surely he has n't fall'n asleep already," said his mother, approaching the bed. He had — into the long, deep sleep from which there is no earthly awaking. With the book clasped in his breast, the drooping flowers falling from his hands, the child had died, without a sigh or a struggle.

I stood long beside the bed, listening silently to the mother's wail and the father's smothered sobs, feeling it vain and useless to offer words of comfort till their wild grief had spent itself.

"Hush, Martha, woman!" said John

at last, laying his hand on his wife's shoulder, and trying to command his shaking voice ; "hush! dunnot tak' on so. It's a comfort, after a' to see him die wi' smiles on his face, than if he 'd gone i' pain. He went when he wur at th' happiest, an' we 'll hope he 's happier still now."

"John," said the mother, looking up, "let's not stir th' book an' th' flowers ; it would be a sin to tak' 'em fro' him ; let 'em be buried wi' him."

Two days later, I helped to carry little Willie to a quiet churchyard, some distance from the town, where we laid him in a sunny corner, with the book and the withered flowers upon his breast.

LABOR.

MEN who live by manual labor are looked down upon and pitied, and it is not until they become independent of it — until their brown, horny hands grow somewhat white and soft — drop the tool and wear the tawdry ring, that they are considered respectable and happy. It comes not within our plan to trace the origin of this monstrous idea, which has risen to such a reigning power over the civilized world. We aver, however, that it springs neither from true philosophy nor the Bible. *Physical labor is a divine institution.* In the days of human innocence, man was put into the garden "to dress and keep it." As a divine institution, instead of being an obstructure to true progress, it is one of his most effective and necessary means to promote vigor of body, mind, and character. Why does the Almighty require man to labor, think you? Why has he left us to build our own houses, to weave our own garments, and dig out of the soil our own food? Could not he, who adorns the lily, and feeds the fowls of heaven, have prepared all to our hands? Manifestly, yes. But he has not done so, because we have souls, and physical labor is adapted to develop their moral powers.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"Then mourn no more — 't will sadden her in glory,
To know how ceaselessly flow forth thy tears."

"And yet at last thy griefs' wild storm
Will sigh itself to rest."

GRACE GREENWOOD.

IT sometimes seems as if the deep maternal instincts implanted in woman's heart, when called up in their strongest conditions, could foresee the shadows which lie in the future, to darken the way and dim the eyes of her best beloved — her children. Sometimes the very intensity of the affections create a dim fear which take an almost tangible shape from present circumstances.

But Mrs. Winthrop's anxiety for the future was based upon a more reasonable foundation. She knew that she was constitutionally predisposed to the terrible epidemic which was desolating hearts and homes by thousands throughout the country. Their village was as yet exempt; and having no great commercial connection with the busy world without, its inhabitants feared very little for themselves, if we may except Mrs. Winthrop. She was too loving — too thoughtful for the happiness of the dear ones about her, to let the growing forebodings of her own heart depress their young happy spirits. To her husband she only conversed of the *possible* in the future, and of death, as they had often done before, as a certainty, which was not far even at the farthest from any. If she spoke more earnestly, or her tones were more touching, Mr. Winthrop found reason to excuse, or account for it in the terrible intelligence which the press brought daily to their hearths. Cheerfully he spoke of the future as still the noon time, and the long evening of life they were to spend together, yet this only made the wife thank him in her heart for wishing it might be, and more unwilling to leave him to be father and mother both to the three dear little ones God had sent them.

Mrs. Winthrop had a friend a few years her junior, whom she dearly

loved. She was an orphan with a small income, barely sufficient for her comfortable support. She was one of God's chosen children, and everybody loved her very dearly, who were capable of loving goodness embodied in mortal shape. She had spent much of her time in the family of her friend, and relieved the young mother of many cares by her constant thoughtfulness, and her earnest desire to do good in whatever shape it was ready for her hands. The little ones loved this friend very much. Even baby Herbert could crow out his rejoicings when her pleasant face looked into the nursery.

Mary Elton had not married, though many of her girlhood playmates were settled in domestic life. Why she, the sweetest and best, was still unmated was a great wonder to her acquaintances, but hidden away from all eyes, deep in the very core of Mary's heart lay the reason, and she expected to carry it to her last narrow home, buried away till the day of the great revealing of all secrets.

Miss Elton had been for several weeks an inmate of the house, and both Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop could not have her absent while the dark pall which hung about them so overshadowed their spirits. Mary's cheerful voice mingled like a sweet contralto with the silvery soprano of the children's merry laughter. Mrs. Winthrop's forebodings for herself, and the loss that her death might bring upon her children, made her greatly anxious that her place might be supplied to her little ones. She had none of that selfish affection in her heart which would forever consign her husband to a lonely companionless life, because her Heavenly Father thought it best to bereave him of his first and best beloved. If she could leave him and the babes to Mary Elton's love and care, she would find the river of death not nearly so deep, nor its clouds so dark and impenetrable. She could not divest herself of the belief that her days were numbered — and they were few.

Secluded in her own room one evening, she seated herself to write her desires to her husband, to be sealed till after she should have taken her place among the beloved that were, and are not. It was a sad task, but when was true affection not strong? When could not woman's heart yield its dearest prerogatives to bless its idols? She wrote her wishes, sealed them carefully, and directed them to "My Husband: to be read when the grass is long above my grave."

She felt relieved of the great burden upon her heart, and went about her duties softly and cheerfully as of old. Mr. Winthrop thought the shadow was passing away, but she was brooding it in secret, and preparing unwittingly and unintentionally her frail body for the approach of the very disease she dreaded. But her fears like her griefs were folded away in her own loving heart till the Messenger came. It was the first stride the grim specter of the pestilence took in the quiet village, and he waited at the threshold for the one for whom he came. The struggle was resisted a little, and then all hope was lost. Mrs. Winthrop even then forgot not the dear ones, but desired Mary Elton to seek her own and their safety in flight. She knew her husband too well to make such a request of him, and supposing her only one was granted, she told him of the settlement of all her worldly affairs, and that he would find it deposited in her writing-case. Hardly had she time to say thus much, when Mary Elton came back and took her place as nurse, for the fear-stricken neighbors dared not enter the house.

"Where are the dear children whose faces I may not see again, and whose care I reposed in you?"

"Safe," Mary Elton replied: "Dolly Temple, the pastor's sister, has taken them in the stage-coach to your mother's house. They are provided with every comfort for their journey, and Dolly will stay with them till she gets word from us. I shall remain here, and my Master will protect me."

"God bless you!" was all the dying woman could reply; and the death-film gathered over her eyes, and deep stillness rested upon their household, broken only by the sobs of the almost heart-crushed husband.

A hasty burial, for the safety of the living, was soon over. Mary assumed the duty of purifying the house, and sent the mourning heart of the desolate one to find comfort with his little motherless ones. In this act of forgetfulness of self, Miss Elton could not foresee that she was planting thorns to grow rankly, and in her own soul. She only did that which none else dare do, even if their hearts contained a wish to be of service to their stricken neighbor.

Mrs. Winthrop's mother, Mrs. Dillon, was unlike her late daughter in more things than one. She was in the main a good woman, a kind friend, but prejudice, when once rooted in her heart, took firm hold, and sapped it of much of its natural milk of human kindness. She had looked at the world from the same stand-point, which the greater part of the thoughtless do, and took for granted, and with undoubted faith, all that was written and printed. She sorrowed over her lost child with all a mother's deep grief, which was redoubled by a sight of the helpless children cast upon her insufficient care, so late in the evening of life. She loved her grandchildren dearly, and no sacrifice on her part should ever fail of gratifying their wishes, or increase their happiness. The husband's heartache she thought would soon wear away among his ledgers, or "sigh itself to rest" in the forgetfulness which comes over a buried sorrow.

The old lady thought, as many do, that men have a power to exorcise grief which is denied to woman, and in a few days her belief shewed itself after this wise: The great burden of sorrow which lay so crushingly upon the mourner's heart had been sufficiently lifted that he might speak of the "dearly beloved so early called,"

when he related to his mother-in-law, hoping it might be a source of comfort to her, that her daughter had a friend in her last moments — Mary Elton's heroism in endangering her own safety by staying by the side of the dying.

"She knows what she is about I dare say, and was not so much a heroine for my poor child's sake as for her own," the mother replied, with not a little asperity in her tone.

However unkind this remark seemed to Mr. Winthrop, he was in no mind to meet it then with the spirit of rebuke, but contented himself by thinking it would be forgotten, and Mary seen in the light she deserved at no distant day.

A few weeks passed in struggling to master his grief, when imperative business called him from his babes to the active duties of life. It was a sad leave-taking. He almost lived over again the dreadful parting from his wife in this severing of the bond which death had doubled. The grandmother claimed them as hers to protect and care for by right, and Mr. Winthrop, if he had any other wish in regard to them, had no power to express it now. The eldest child was a girl, and they called her Puss, though she was really entitled to her mother's name of Lizzie Dillon. She was a warm-souled, high-spirited child, and whichever way her heart led, her words and hands followed. She was peculiarly impressive for good or evil, if her affections led the way. For her the father's heart ached most. The next, who was six years old, and two years his sister's junior, was a manly boy, though with strong self-will which only a gentle hand could guide. He had all the elements of a great and good nature, but the very one to be lost if the pilot should in the least vary the course of his little bark just drifting out on the great sea of life, whose outward tide only looses itself in the surges of the sea of eternity. He was grandmother's pet, and the ruler of the household. Baby Herbert seemed scarcely

to have adjusted the wing which bore it earthward, and required most all grandma's attention. He only missed his mother, because his pillow of rest and fountain of food was gone from him, and these he soon forgot.

The eldest children, Puss and Henry, often conversed of their mother who "wore wings," and if they grieved for her, some new pleasure was in readiness for them carefully prepared by grandma, to win their thoughts from the very one who should have been their subject of meditation, and the attraction in the home which all hope to reach. The grandmother tried to win their entire regard from their father by telling them he would soon bring them another mother, and they would share the fate of other step-children, and so bade them be happy while they could. Puss would flash out her indignation at the thought, and then manifest her unbelief that dear papa could do so wicked a thing. Harry was going to do to her every thing he thought was bad if she came, for Puss had read him stories of orphan children being abused, and he and Puss would do as the babes in the woods did, go off to the forests and eat berries till they died before they would live with another mother.

Mrs. Dillon fully believed all the stories she had ever read of abused children by cruel step-mothers, and thought a half remained untold. She never supposed there could be any trials to a woman who stepped into a house already filled with every thing of several year's gathering, and never imagined there were thorns under all this. And so, the thoughtless old lady was planting the seeds of misery unintentionally in the hearts of the children, and the ones who loved them dearest. She questioned them about Mary Elton, and when their cheeks glowed and their eyes flashed out their satisfaction at the very mention of her name, grandmother reminded them that she did not come with them, but got some almost stranger to care for them. She did not love them half as

well as they thought. Their little hearts grieved and rebelled over this idea, but 't was to them a fact, and "facts are stubborn things,"—to children especially.

The summer wore away, and trailed its emerald mantle far into the autumn. The grass had grown long and wavy above the grave of Mr. Winthrop's sweet sleeper, when he sat closeted in the room once sacred to himself and one other, holding the sealed note that that one had left for his perusal. How his heart throbbed, and his hand trembled over the unbroken seal. He concluded it would be natural that his children should be left to Mrs. Dillon's care, but the great change which had come over them in the few months of their separation demanded a new mode of discipline. They were no longer gentle and yielding to the judgment of those who ought to rule over them, and if they were still affectionate at times, it was only when they were allowed to follow their own inclinations. He would gladly have placed them under Miss Elton's care, who had taken a cottage with an elderly friend in an adjoining town. But he remembered with bitterness Mrs. Dillon's innuendo in regard to her, and feared it would forever alienate the love of the old lady to mention the subject to her. He had seen Miss Elton but once since he returned to his desolate home, and then for a few minutes. Her tearful sympathy, and comforting remarks of the blissful change to one so beloved by both, made him regret that he allowed an expression like Mrs. Dillon's to pass unnoticed; but 't was too late now.

Long he pondered over this last letter from his heart's first occupant, and at last broke the seal, determining to do that which her angel eyes would bless, and not follow that which seemed good while she still "looked through a glass darkly." The note ran as follows:

"BEST BELOVED:—The shadows of a fearful presentiment lie over my spirit like a

great shroud. Nowhere is there light but upward—far through the impenetrable future. I can not see it, but I know 't is there, and soon your bosom will cease to be my resting-place. I feel it—I know it, by the resistless promptings which force me to pen this last letter to you.

"You will be wifeless, and the dear children motherless. I do not wish you to remain so, nor do I wish my mother to guide my children. Her affection, and her judgment are always at issue, and no woman is prepared to guide two generations, unless she have remarkable discretion and wisdom from on High. Mine has affection, but is too old. She will claim them for a while to soothe her aching heart, and she must not be denied; but not long, my dear husband, do not let her keep them long. You will for a time have to bear the double care of both parents. You will not shrink from this, I know, for you never yet regarded a request of mine too hard to grant.

"And now, dear William, I come to another wish, but 't is not for you to comply with if your heart refuses its sanction. In heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage, and the dear ones, first beloved on earth, will be alike beloved in heaven. I do not wish you to lead a desolate life for the memory's sake of me. I do not desire to be first in your life love nor in your heavenly. One who was worthy you, would be more than worthy my place in your heart and home. You may know many such; I know but one—MARY ELTON. If it should be for your happiness, and you can win her love, make her the mother of my dear bereaved little children. Do not follow this as a *desire* of mine, but think of it as a suggestion. God keep you and mine in the hollow of his Fatherly hand, and soothe you in your great grief, for His namesake. Amen.

"I need not tell you any thing more in regard to the little ones, for you know best. If I should live, your wisdom would direct, and 't will be the same now. Tell Mary Elton I wished it *after she comes and not before*. If angels visit earth I'll bless you with my presence.

"And now, farewell, till you too, and the children, and all who may yet be dear to you, have followed me across the Dark River to that blessed home where death, nor tears, nor sorrow can ever enter. Your wife, in the love of long ago, and your beloved in the glorious Hereafter, LIZZIE WINTHROP."

"How like her generous forgetfulness of self to think of me, and on to the last, and even beyond the pale of human existence. May my life and my children's life be worthy of her."

He felt more comforted after this

perusal than he had done, since he knew her desires were sealed and in his possession. He feared her depression of spirits would swerve her clear judgment.

He decided to bring his children home immediately; and as there was no one there for the poor old grandmother to object to, he feared less opposition. He had taken a friend and his wife into his residence to attend to his household, and the lady was every way a proper person to guide his motherless ones.

Mrs. Dillon remonstrated with a determination much stronger than Mr. Winthrop had imagined, and finally acceded, but said she should go also, for no person was so fit as herself to care for them. This was far from agreeable to Mr. Winthrop, but was the least of two evils, and he chose it. All were removed to their old home, and Mrs. Dillon also for an indefinite time. There was many a heartache in reserve for the father when he watched the growth of uncurbed selfishness in those whom the mother left so gentle and affectionate. He found his efforts to retrace their wrong steps met by another influence stronger, because more in accordance with the children's wishes than his own. He also found where he had erred, but the amendment was not so easy as the first transit. Puss told him he was too good a papa to bring an ugly woman to be her step-mother, and all new mothers were naughty things. He could not reason with the child without raising the anger and suspicion of the grandmother. So things continued for another half year.

Mr. Winthrop had a partner in his business, between whom and himself there existed a warm friendship. Mr. Nelson was a gentleman in every proper sense of the word, and well to do in the world, besides being very handsome. There were many in the village of Layton who would gladly have accepted his hand in marriage, but to none was it offered. It was a matter of wonderment to the good people,

that he took no one of the many attractive and really worthy girls with whom he associated, when he manifested so strong a liking for quiet domestic life. But the truth was, his heart was in the keeping of one who did not dream of her possessions. Mary Elton had treated him with the same calm, quiet, polite attention that she bestowed upon any one else. He could see no difference in her manner toward Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop and himself. It was this uncertainty of her regard that kept him so long from openly seeking her hand. After Mrs. Winthrop's death, he thought his down-stricken partner would seek her love and win her for his own and his children's sake; but when more than a year had passed, and Mr. Winthrop had not even visited her, his old hope was renewed, and he took his carriage one summer morning and rode over to Mary's home.

She received him cordially, pleasantly, but with no apparent feeling that she would not have shown his sister. He felt embarrassed, but gathering courage told her delicately why he came; when she replied to him with tears in her eyes, that she grieved to pain him, but her pathway lay not by his side; that it was far more rugged and thorny, but the sunshine was upon it, and the blessing of duties well performed. She desired his friendship, and could give nothing more to him. Mr. Nelson returned sadly back to Layton, and gave his sole thoughts to business, saving the tearful ones of her he could not win.

A few days after this Mr. Winthrop's carriage took the same direction. Mary met him at the door, and her greeting was, "I knew you would come."

He spent the morning in doubtful anxiety, for he knew of Mr. Nelson's rejection. As the day wore away, and the children, and village people had become exhausted as a topic of conversation, he felt obliged to say why he came. She repeated again:

"I knew you would come, and I am

ready. I knew the mantle of sweet Lizzie Dillon would fall upon me, though I am sad to think it has trailed in the dust at grandmother's."

It was a tearfully glad wooing, half sad, and half hopeful, but it was not a long one. The summer time had not gone when they found their way to Layton.

(To be continued.)

THE LAVA CROSS.

BY MISS M. A. RIPLEY.

CLARENCE sat by his table. In one hand He held a book, which gleamed in the full light,
As it fell on the jeweled clasps. A cross, Curiously wrought in lava, lay beside His other, which he touched so carelessly, I trembled for the treasure; and arose, Venturing to take from my proud cousin's grasp
The rare antique memento of far lands. It was a summer evening, and the lawn Was shining with bright flowers, whose shrinking leaves
Were closing, to shut out night's blighting air;
The casement was thrown open, and a chair, Formed of bent twigs—a rustic garden chair—
Stood on the balcony, and there we went. And I said, "Tell me, cousin, of the scenes You saw across the sea; ay, Clarence, sketch
The soft dark eyes of one whose mystic spell
Lies now upon your life." And then he held The simple lava cross to his pale lips, And told me the sad story:

"Childhood's days
Were scarcely finished, when my mother bowed,
Like a frail flower by an o'ershadowing wall,
And sank into her grave. And then my grief
Was smothered in my heart, for want of love,
And words to soothe my woe. They strove to lead
My thoughts toward the world's hot, glaring paths;
But my young heart was all unfit for strife,
And so I pleaded that I might be sent To the dark cloisters of a college hall.
And there I wrought at morn, when with paled eyes,
The stars were hidden with a gorgeous veil,
Woven of air and sunlight; and when eve

Threw open her full casket, and her gems Studded the sky's high vaults, I sat alone, Toiling that my strained heart might not leap forth,

So burdened was it with its agony. And years rolled on, and manhood stamped my brow

With its deep thought, and other dreams arose

Than those which nested in my throbbing soul

Thro' boyhood's saddened years. My heart leaped up

When I was on the sea, and rushing toward The shrines of olden lands. Ay! when long leagues

Of roaring waves lay in my way, my eye Seemed to behold the stainless mountain-tops,

Or my feet trod the Alpine vales, where flocks

Slept in the noontide sun! Oh! I had longed

To see the wildest haunts of nature; I Had, dreaming, reveled 'mid her grandest scenes;—

My old-time vision was become a truth! I was in Florence; and the Sabbath light Stole in most timidly. Around me stood Forms of the purest beauty; and there hung

In each deep panel, paintings which a king

Might proudly hang upon his palace walls; And over all, the softened light threw down A veil which seemed to spiritualize

All things on which it rested. By me stood One who had lived 'mid all this bright array—

One who had breathed this air until her brow Seemed but the impress of all glorious thoughts.

And she was wrapped in sable drapery, And mist was in her eyes, as her sweet voice

Told of her father's death; that when his hand

Grew cold and stiff, he would be lifted up, To touch anew the picture which I saw Hanging above the sculptured sleepers. And My heart so trembled, as she told the tale, I sank upon the cushions. Many a time I begged her to repeat the story o'er, As we ranged o'er the bright Italian vales, Or climbed the vine-wrapped hills, or floated o'er

The calm blue waters of the southern lakes. And soon I grew so used to her soft tones, The light of her dark eyes, that I besought Her to forget the olden palace-halls, And all the beauties of her classic land, And cross the sea with me.

She placed her hand, Sparkling with clustered gems, upon her brow,

And told me yet another joyless tale.

When her fair brow was bright with childish
 hopes,
 And life lay like a fairy-land spread out,
 Her saintly mother sanctified her child,
 Giving her unto God. And now the time,
 When she must dwell beneath the convent
 roofs,
 Vailing her beauty from all sinful eyes,
 Had come; and ere another day had passed,
 Her home would be within the cloister's
 walls.
 And she unclasped this curious cross, and
 gave
 It to my keeping. So I love the sign,
 Which ever opes the mystic portals wide,
 Where blooms the only flower of manhood's
 years."

Another summer came, with all its wealth
 Of luxury and beauty. The green lawn
 Was flecked with trembling shadows, which
 the boughs
 Of the tall oaks threw thickly, far and
 near;
 And the blue violets nestled in the grass,
 And the bright songsters nestled in the
 trees,
 And Clarence sat and looked out on the
 lawn,
 And I sat with him, watching his white
 brow,
 And seeking to read on that penciled page,
 The scripture which his life had written
 there;
 And he leaned o'er the inlaid desk, and
 snatched
 From a rich casket where he treasured it,
 The cross of lava, saying all the while,
 "Would that the lava streams within my
 soul
 Would crystallize like this!" And then he
 said
 We would go seek in the old convent's
 gloom,
 For her who gave it to him.

The blue waves

Leaped like rash coursers, and their snowy
 manes
 Dashed the cool, briny foam upon the deck,
 As we sat looking on their boisterous play,
 With but the midnight stars to read our
 thoughts.

Clarence was thinking of the Florentine,
 And I of those who walk the star-lit aisles—
 The golden pavements of the sanctuary,
 Which waits for all who wash their raiment
 white,
 And thro' all trial, let the dross alone
 Consume, guarding the gold, that it may
 gleam
 With the Refiner's image.

Well, we trod

At last the land of song—the classic land—
 To which the poet-heart turns naturally,
 As did of old the eye of Chaldee sage,
 To that bright eastern star, which heralded

The birth of Jesus. And we sought the
 mount,
 Wherefrom the vesper-chimes were sinking
 down,
 Like to a song of cloud-throned angels,
 sweet
 As the down-dropping of a gentle stream,
 From gently sloping hills. The nuns were
 veiled,
 And kneeling in the twilight, and we knelt,
 And on the low, encircling music-tides,
 Our souls seemed carried, by their tidal
 flow,
 To the near spirit-land. And the hushed
 psalm
 Died into stillness, as a band of priests,
 Girded in sackcloth, bore a simple hearse,
 All draped in blackness, to a darkened
 shrine,
 And chanted a sweet hymn—a requiem.
 Clarence stood up, his white brow pale and
 wet,
 As if the marble hand of Death were there
 Pressing each life-pulse, that it might not
 beat.
 And then he crept among the arches, laid
 His rigid hand upon the pall, and threw
 Back on the coffin its enshrouding folds,
 And looked upon the sleeper. *She* was
 there,
 Lying on the white pillows; her sweet face,
 Whiter than her pure, stainless raiment
 was.
 He fell upon the altar-steps, and clasped
 His pale hands tightly o'er his maddened
 heart,
 And a swift, crimson current stained his
 cheeks,
 And ran among his soft, brown curls, and
 soon
 The suffering spirit was with hers in heaven.
 And so I left my old companion there,
 Within the gardens of the cloister lone,
 Where, by the side of her he loved so
 well,
 He sleeps most peacefully. The lava cross
 Lies now before me, and 't was thus I came
 To write the old and time-worn memory.
 BUFFALO, June, 1857.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

Thou art bearing hence thy roses
 Glad summer, fare thee well!
 Thou'rt singing thy last melodies,
 In every wood and dell.

But in the golden sunset
 Of thy latest lingering day,
 Oh! tell me o'er this checkered earth,
 How hast thou passed away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
 Thine hours are floated by,
 To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
 The rangers of the sky.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

AMONG the many distinguished names with which the last quarter of a century has enriched our fictitious literature, "Currer Bell" has been placed by acclamation. It is now about ten years since the great reading world became aware that a new voice was uttering itself—a voice deep, strange, melodious, like the troubled chant of an unquiet soul. The profound incognito so well preserved by the author of *Jane Eyre*, confirmed the impression made by her remarkable work, till curiosity became painful; and when at last the secret could no longer be kept, men were slow to recognize in the quaint, demure daughter of a Yorkshire parson, the romantic heroine of their imagination. It was not till the appearance of Mrs. Gaskell's spirited memoir that we discovered how much of her own inward life she has shadowed forth in her work.

Charlotte Bronte, alias Currer Bell, was born at Thornton, April 21, 1816. She was third daughter of Rev. Patrick Bronte, a clergyman of the established church. He was of Irish extraction, the son of poor but highly respectable parents. It was the family belief that they could trace their ancestry to a noble line, but they took no pains to substantiate it. Patrick was reared in sturdy independence, and secured by his unaided exertions a University education. He was, physically and mentally, a man of mark. Tall, and strongly built, with a majestic countenance, and manners dignified and slightly repellant, his whole aspect commanded respect in an unusual degree. Underneath his cold stern exterior beat a warm earnest heart, full of dangerous as well as noble impulses. His natural temper was violent, and although he ruled it with a despotic will, it sometimes mastered him. Then he would ease himself by going silently to his back door, and firing off pistols in quick succession. At one time in a fit of passion he

thrust the hearth-rug up the chimney, and stood watching while it consumed; at another he spent himself by sawing off the backs of chairs. Notwithstanding a temper so violent as to indicate a tendency to insanity, Mr. Bronte was a man of great clearness and strength of mind, unbending rectitude, and a more than Puritanical simplicity of tastes and habits.

The mother of Charlotte Bronte was a fragile, sweet-tempered woman, very small in person and gentle in manners. She possessed great delicacy of mind, and was regarded as a woman of superior intellect. Her health was always frail, and after giving birth to six children in as many years, she became a suffering invalid, and hastened rapidly to her grave. She dealt tenderly with her husband's infirmities, and always preserved his warmest love.

When Charlotte was four years old, her father became rector of Haworth. This is an ancient but obscure village, perched on the steep, bald hill-side, far up among the bleak moors of Yorkshire. The road leading thither from the neighboring railway station runs two miles along the fertile river bottom, and then by a continued and rugged ascent of an equal distance brings us to the town. The long narrow street is built on a declivity so steep that the paving stones are laid endwise to prevent the horses from slipping back. The houses are mostly of stone, that being on these unwooded heights the cheapest building material. Their gray color, combined with the stunted, faded look of the vegetation, gives a dull, somber character to the landscape. The Southerner, accustomed to warm golden hues, should visit it only in the autumn when the purple heather is in its glory, and the moors, elsetime gray and colorless, are attired in a robe which a king might envy.

As we reach, panting, the upper end of the single street of Howorth, we turn into a little quiet by-road, that brings us shortly to the Parsonage. It is a square stone structure, built a

century since, and heavily flagged, to defy the fierce winds of that inclement region. It is utterly devoid of ornament, and guiltless of porch or balcony to catch the faint sunshine, or add grace and cheerfulness to its rude strength. Near by are church and schoolhouse—the former very ancient, carrying us back in the style of its architecture past stately Elizabeth and gallant Henry Tudor, into the heart of those stirring times when the chivalry of England met on the field of the Roses. Between and around these buildings lies the old graveyard, fearful in the night time with its ghostly ranks of tall pale gravestones. The home of Charlotte Bronte is thus described by her friend and biographer :

“Haworth parsonage is—as I mentioned in the first chapter—an oblong stone house, facing down the hill on which the village stands, and with the front door right opposite to the western door of the church, distant about a hundred yards. Of this space, about twenty yards or so in depth are occupied by the grassy garden, which is scarcely wider than the house. The graveyard goes round house and garden on all sides but one. The house consists of four rooms on each floor, and is two stories high. When the Brontes took possession, they made the large parlor to the left of the entrance the family sitting-room, while that on the right was appropriated to Mr. Bronte as a study. Behind this was the kitchen; behind the former a sort of flagged store-room. Up stairs were four bed-chambers of similar size, with the addition of a small passage or ‘lobby’ as we call it in the north. This was to the front, the staircase going up right opposite to the entrance. There is the pleasant old fashion of window seats all through the house, and one can see that the parsonage was built in the days when wood was plentiful, as the massive stair-bannisters, and the wainscots, and the heavy window frames testify.”

Into this chill old building Mr.

Bronte brought his wife and babes in the bleak winter months. Mrs. Bronte was soon laid aside by an internal cancer which, after months of agony borne with sweet patience, laid her in her grave the following year. The father was always busy in parochial labors, his study, or attendance on his sick wife, so that the children were left much to themselves. They were a saddened group. The presence of serious sickness in the house and the state of hushed restraint in which they were necessarily kept, had sobered them beyond their years. It was melancholy to see them huddled together in the corner of some silent room, amusing themselves in whispered games; but it was even more pitiful to see them stretching away over the lonely moors, clasped hand in hand, the elder guiding the tottering steps of the younger, with the greatest care and patience.

They saw their mother laid at rest in her grave, but it made but little change in the quiet movement of their lives. They did not see much of their remaining parent, for he was a most laborious pastor; besides, while loving his children deeply in the silence of his heart, he was an undemonstrative man and “made” little of them. His notions of domestic training were very rigid. Knowing that his children must be thrown on themselves for a support, he wished to accustom them to every species of hardness. Rich confections they never tasted. The simplicity of their neatly spread table would have been the despair of a Spartan; potatoes without meat were their dinner; oat-meal cakes or porridge formed almost the remainder of their wholesome fare. In dress he was equally stringent. He would allow no gay colors or decorative fashions of attire, and no nun or quaker could have been dressed with more demure plainness than the little Bronte girls.

Mrs. Bronte had a fine silk dress presented by a friend, which offended the taste of her husband, and consequently was not worn. She kept it

choicely hidden among her treasures from year to year. One day, hearing a footstep in her chamber, and recollecting that she had neglected to lock her bureau, she hastened up, just in season to receive her fine silk from the hands of her husband, cut into worthless shreds. At another time, when the children had been overtaken by a sudden storm on the moor, and were expected home wet and cold, a bright little row of shoes, also a gift, were ranged round the kitchen fire to warm against their return. Mr. Bronte coming in and seeing these corrupters of youth standing in wait to tempt the virtue of his little ones, hastily swept them all into the fire.

About a year after Mrs. Bronte's decease, a maiden elder sister came to take charge of the orphaned children. Miss Branwell was a prompt, practical, opinated woman, a model of neatness and economy. She had some unpleasant astringencies of character, which had not been improved by her removal from sunny Penzance to the blustering heights of Yorkshire. She was devoutly religious, and under a somewhat hard exterior, had a kind, but not a sympathetic heart. Her presence contributed to the good management rather than the cheerfulness of the house. It is evident that the powers that ruled the parsonage were not calculated to give the right development to the little Brontes. There was no bright, frolicsome child-life in that dull old house. These children were aged and gray at heart before they reached their teens. They had no visitors from abroad, and held no social intercourse with the rude cottagers in the village.

Maria, the eldest, was a child of remarkable but unhealthy development. Under a shrinking timid exterior, she had a masculine depth of understanding. She read all the debates in Parliament, had her political notions, and could converse on the great topics of the day with the intelligence of an adult, long before she was ten years old. Every one of these children evinced remarkable talents, though the

hopes and pride of the family centered most on Branwell, the only son. For several years their education was conducted at home by the father and aunt jointly. The girls learned housekeeping in a most thorough manner, and as they kept but one servant much drudgery came upon them.

In July, 1824, Mr. Bronte took his two eldest daughters to the Cowan's Bridge School, and in the succeeding autumn the next two joined them. Charlotte's recollections of this institution were afterward wrought out with terrible power in *Jane Eyre*. So life-like were her delineations, that after the lapse of twenty years her old schoolmates were able to identify scenes and characters with an accuracy upon which she had not counted, and indignant voices were raised by some long forgotten actors in these scenes.

The plan of the school was this: Rev. Mr. Wilson, a man of benevolence and wealth, seeing the difficulty which poor clergymen experienced in educating their daughters, devised a plan for giving them a "solid and sufficient English education," at the low price of fifteen pounds a year, the balance being raised by subscription. The scheme was admirable, and was hailed by many poor pastors with exceeding joy. The spot selected for the institution was highly picturesque, but damp and unwholesome, the air being charged in the spring with a deadly miasma arising from the low grounds in its vicinity. The buildings were remodeled from an old mill and very poorly ventilated. So great was the impatience of the public, that the school was commenced before adequate funds were raised, or preparations made for their comfort. Great economy was therefore enjoined by its founder in every department. It was his intention that the food should be plain, yet wholesome and palatable, but he unfortunately selected a cook who was disgustingly filthy. Through her fault the meat was often tainted, the milk "bingy," the water offensive, and the puddings compounded of unclean

scraps, which were loathsome in the highest degree. It would be impossible to exaggerate the repulsiveness of this food to children so delicately reared as the daughters of Mr. Bronte. Their fare at home had been coarse and homely enough, but fastidiously clean. These little maidens, dainty in nothing but neatness, seldom ate a meal at Cowan's Bridge without loathing, and often turned faint from the table.

Disagreeable odors always lingered about these low, damp rooms, so that both food and air became vehicles of disease. Eighty pupils poorly fed and thinly clad were gathered within these pestilential walls, and when spring opened, a low form of typhus fever ran through the school, prostrating at one time half their number. The Bronte children escaped, but Maria was already sinking under hard usage in a hopeless consumption. She had the misfortune to incur the special ill-will of a certain teacher, who worried her from day to day with unaccountable and malignant cruelty. She bore her taunts with an angelic spirit, but they crushed the life out of her, and in the early summer she was carried home, in a few days to be laid in her grave. Little did that bad woman dream that, masked in an infant's form, *an avenger* watched her, who after many days should stand before her face to reprove her of all the hard speeches and scoffing words she had spoken to that gentle, dying child. Elizabeth, the second sister, soon sickened of the same disorder, and before the summer was gone, lay by Maria's side. Still the two younger daughters were not immediately removed, and it was not till the following winter that their failing health induced their father to recall them home. Great sanitary changes were ultimately effected in the institution, and it has proved a noble benefaction to the class for whom it was designed.

Charlotte, called so mournfully to assume the headship of the bereaved circle, felt deeply the sacred trust laid

upon her, and never ceased to watch over her two younger sisters with a mother's anxiety till they were beyond the reach of her tenderness.

Again at home the lessened circle moved on in its wonted rounds. A new servant was added to the establishment, the excellent Tabby, who became so intimately blended with all the interests of the family. She was past middle age, discreet and faithful, devotedly but not indulgently fond of the children. She grew infirm in their service, feeble, blind, and deaf, but they would not suffer her to be removed, and waited on her in her age as she had upon them in their youth. When she could no longer hear the ordinary tones of conversation, but pined to know the affairs of the parsonage as aforesaid, Miss Bronte used to take her out to walk in the lonely moors and pour into her aged ear the domestic history for which she had been asking till she was content. Her tenderness to this old servant is an affecting proof of her goodness of heart. Tabby died in the parsonage at a very advanced age.

Re-established at home, Charlotte began to feel the need of mental stimulus. Household tasks, while they busied her fingers, did not much employ her thoughts. With the living world she had scarcely more intercourse than the tenants of the grim churchyard which begirt her home. The thrice read books in her father's library would not long satisfy her, and thus like thousands before her she was driven to writing. It was the necessity of occupation first, of support afterward, which made Charlotte an authoress. While the neat-handed little maiden scoured the oaken floors and polished the well-kept furniture, her thoughts strayed in a delightful land where mighty deeds were wrought, and the Duke of Wellington was the most worshipful hero. The number of tales, plays, poems, and criticisms she produced in the first years of her teens is almost past belief. They were all written in a hand so minute that it is

impossible to decipher them without a magnifier. Among these compositions, valuable chiefly as safe outlets for the effervescence of a warm imagination, and curious as an example of mental activity, some passages are found which would not have disgraced her riper powers, and one or two poems are much above average merit.

Charlotte took an amusing interest in politics, and watched the proceedings of Parliament with all the gravity of a statesman. It was a favorite amusement with the children of the parsonage, as they sat in the ruddy glow of the kitchen fire, forbidden a candle, probably, by the frugal Tabby, to plant imaginary colonies on distant islands, each selecting favorite heroes, authors, or philanthropists. Here is Charlotte's portrait at this period :

"In 1831 she was a quite thoughtful girl of nearly fifteen years of age, very small in figure — 'stunted' was the word she applied to herself — but as her limbs and head were in just proportion to the slight fragile body, no word suggestive in even so slight a degree of deformity could properly be applied to her; with thick brown hair, and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description as they appeared to me in her later life. They were large and well shaped; their color a reddish brown; but if the iris was closely examined, it appeared to be composed of a great variety of tints. The usual expression was of quiet listening intelligence, but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out, as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed behind these expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any other human creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large, and ill-set; but, unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes and power of the countenance overbalanced every physical defect; the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently at-

tracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract. Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw; when one of the former was placed in mine, it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm. The delicate long fingers had a peculiar fineness of sensation, which was one reason why all her handiwork, of whatever kind — writing, sewing, knitting — was so clear in its minuteness. She was remarkably neat in her whole personal attire; but she was dainty as to the fit of her shoes and gloves."

At the age of fifteen Charlotte was again sent to school. This time the selection was fortunately made, and she always retained grateful recollections of the two years she spent at Roe Head. The first impression she made on her schoolmates was quaint indeed, if we judge by the account of one of them who became her life-long friend :

"I first saw her coming out of a covered cart, in very old-fashioned clothes, and looking very cold and miserable. She was coming to school at Miss Wooler's. When she appeared in the schoolroom her dress was changed, but just as old. She looked a little old woman, so short-sighted that she always appeared to be seeking something, and moving her head from side to side to catch a sight of it. She was very shy and nervous, and spoke with a strange Irish accent. When a book was given her, she dropped her head over it till her nose nearly touched it, and when she was told to hold her head up, up went the book after it, still close to her nose, so that it was not possible to help laughing."

She soon overcome these disadvantages by her real superiority and goodness of heart, and before long was the acknowledged favorite of the school. Her inventive faculties were soon discovered and taxed, although sometimes she would weave such goblin tales that the girls were nearly frightened out of their senses. While greatly in advance of her mates in general knowledge,

she was poorly grounded in the "elements;" but she soon overtook and passed them. Her zeal tempted her kind teacher to task her beyond her strength. The consequence was a poor lesson and "bad mark." The whole school rose in revolt when they found Charlotte in disgrace, and the mark was gladly erased.

In 1832 Charlotte returned home, and was engaged two or three years in teaching her younger sisters, self-improvement and domestic duties. In 1835 grave matters were discussed at the parsonage. Branwell, the only son, was a lad of great gifts, with a talent for writing which was remarkable for his years; he had also great skill in drawing. His tastes were for an artist's life; but he was uninstructed and poor. His father's stipend was small, and the expense of instruction at the Royal Academy large. Charlotte, the brave, generous sister, offered to leave her cherished home and go out into the world as a governess to secure this object. Small sounds the sacrifice, but to a shrinking, timid girl, wholly unused to society, and morbidly conscious of her personal defects, unable in the days of her renown to face a stranger without a nervous dread, often producing illness — to her it was an act of high moral heroism. The position, too, of a governess in an English household, just high enough to subject her to the dislike and insolence of the servants, and so low as to render kindness on the part of her employers an extreme condescension, was revolting to every fine instinct of her nature.

The pain of leaving home was much softened by an invitation from Miss Wooler to assist in the school in which she had lately been a pupil. Although the salary was but a pittance, she accepted the situation gladly. She remained at Roe Head three years, making herself very acceptable as a teacher. But her duties were too arduous, and tasked her beyond her strength. The life of a governess was uncongenial to her sensitive nature,

yet she did not on that account excuse herself from any task however irksome. She knew how to bend the spirit with a stern energy to its appointed work, and to demand of it each day its "tale of bricks." The hope of gaining her bread by her pen occurred to her now and then, but she had no confidence in her untried powers. At last she shook off her timidity, wrote to Southey, then Poet Laureate, enclosed specimens of her poems, and desired his candid advice. The answer was long in coming, but it came at last. It was a noble letter from a good and generous heart. Southey told Charlotte she had "in no inconsiderable degree what Wordsworth calls 'the faculty of verse,'" but he would not have her lay much stress on the possession of a gift by no means rare. "Literature," he adds, "cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be. The more she is engaged in her proper duties, the less leisure will she have for it, even as an accomplishment and recreation." Wholesome advice, though not quite adapted to the case of Miss Bronte. She says, however: "Mr. Southey's letter was kind and admirable; a little stringent, but it did me good." So she crushed down the hopes of a more congenial life, and returned to her old tasks.

In the spring of 1838 Charlotte found herself completely prostrated, and her nerves so unstrung that the least disturbance made her turn pale and tremble violently. Her physician prescribed perfect quiet as her only cure, and with a glad heart she laid down her burden, for a time to rest in the dim old house for which she was always yearning. Here she found her two sisters who had also been teaching, and had come back drooping. Branwell was there, having for some cause relinquished the plan of studying at the academy — they were a happy united family. Probably it was one of the most unalloyed periods of their lives.

With returning health Charlotte found it needful to gather up again the

burden she had so joyfully laid down. She became governess in the family of a wealthy manufacturer. There she experienced in full measure all the annoyances before which she had cowered in the distance. Her mistress was a vulgar, purse proud, coarse hearted woman, who saw in the delicate gifted being who had come to reside under her roof only a poor, bashful, ill-favored dependent, whom she might tease, and crush, and sting at her pleasure; any growing attachment on the part of the children was instantly marked with ridicule. "What!" she exclaimed, when a rosy boy of three or four years put his little hand caressingly in his teacher's, saying, "I love 'ou, Miss Bronte." "What! love the governess!"

At first the poor girl was quite overwhelmed, but she reflected that the ordeal would do her good, and she determined to endure for the few months of her engagement. Writing to her sister she says: "I could like to be at home. I could like to work in a mill. I could like to feel some mental liberty. I could like this weight of restraint taken off. But the holidays will come, Corragio."

In 1841 Miss Bronte became for the last time a governess. Her situation was comfortable, and she was treated with respect and consideration by her employers. Yet she was but "moderately happy." Thus she makes her complaint to a friend:

"....., no one but myself can tell how hard a governess' work is to me, for no one but myself is aware how utterly averse my whole mind and nature are for the employment. Do not think that I fail to blame myself for this, or that I leave any means unemployed to conquer this feeling. Some of my greatest difficulties lie in things that would appear to you comparatively trivial. I find it so hard to repel the rude familiarity of children. I find it so difficult to ask either servants or mistress for any thing I want, however much I want it. It is less pain to me to endure the greatest in-

convenience than to go to the kitchen to request its removal. I am a fool. Heaven knows I can not help it!"

One can not read Miss Bronte's letters without depression. Certainly, she had little food for pleasant fancies, but the absence of hope was a constitutional trait. There is a lack of buoyancy and *tone*. Nothing exhilarates her—nothing lifts the gloom from her brows. We long sometimes to hear her speak gaily of the future, to see the clear shining of the sun after rain. She had courage, and energy to carry the present burden, but it looked black and heavy in the distance. Oh! it is enough to make one weep to see a great sad heart like hers, thrown, as it would seem, by God's providence, out of its orbit, cut off from all its fine affinities, and made to grind in the prison house of want to some sordid, menial soul.

It had long been the desire of Charlotte and her sisters to open a school of their own. Their clinging spirits sought no brighter lot on earth than to live with each other and their father in humble independency. Various plans to effect this object were framed, discussed, and rejected for want of funds. While waiting some opening for their joint labors, the time seemed propitious for completing their own imperfect education, especially in modern languages and music. Careful aunt Branwell was persuaded to hazard enough of her small property to support her two elder nieces on the Continent for a term of six months. Brussels was selected, because there large advantages were offered at small expense, and accordingly they were received into the school of M. Héger, in February, 1842.

Charlotte was at this time about twenty-six years old, and Emily two years younger. Their personal appearance was still as characteristic as ever. "The two sisters clung together, and kept apart from the herd of happy, boisterous, well befriended Belgian girls, who, in their turn, thought the new English pupils wild,

and scared-looking, with strange, odd, insular ideas about dress. * * *

The sisters spoke to no one but from necessity. They were too full of earnest thought, and of the exile's sick yearning to be ready for careless conversation or merry game."

M. Héger, a man of cultivation and discernment, saw much farther into these "sober suited" girls than his thoughtless pupils. He quickly discovered that their minds were of the very highest order. He understood the peculiar exigencies of their case, and resolved to vary his usual course of instruction to correspond to their larger capacities. He estimated Emily even higher than her sister. "She should have been a man—a great navigator," he said.

Into the midst of this tranquil, laborious school life, prolonged beyond the original design by the thoughtful provision of M. and Mad. Heger, came the sound of death. Their worthy aunt sickened and died so suddenly, that they were unable to reach her, although they left for home upon the first warning. Emily did not return, for she was needed to cheer her father in his solitude.

After a few weeks of precious reunion with her family, Charlotte returned to Brussels, in the double capacity of pupil and English teacher. The loneliness and depression of this second year are depicted with painful fidelity in "Villette." She yearned for her barren moors, as the Swiss exile yearns for the shadow of his mountains. Sometimes she was tempted to leave all and fly home, but it was contrary to her nature to leave any object which she had proposed to herself unaccomplished.

In January, 1844, Miss Bronte reached home, duly furnished with the sealed diploma of the "Athenée Royale de Bruxelles," certifying that she was qualified to teach the French language in the most approved manner.

Nothing now hindered the consummation of the long cherished project of the sisters,—nothing but the want

of pupils. A small legacy from their aunt supplied the necessary funds, but where should they look for scholars? In vain they advertised, and wrote to their small circle of friends; the little parsonage among the moors, now world-known, offered small attractions then. The most remarkable woman of her age waited in patient expectation till months had fallen into years, but never a pupil came!

Gradually as hope died the wish also departed. A fearful grief long foreshadowed now settled down upon them. Branwell, their strength and pride, had come home a ruined man. He was never like his sisters. Even in childhood he had not their pure tastes, though his native impulses seem to have been most generous and noble. Gifted as he was, his *will* was weak, and the enchantress had led him into deadly paths, and now he had come home a besotted, dissolute ruined youth, to pollute that pure sanctuary with his presence. He died there in 1848. These last years were a period of great trial and depression to Miss Bronte. To a friend she writes: "One day resembles another; and all have heavy, lifeless physiognomies. Meantime life wears away. I shall soon be thirty; and I have done nothing yet." Courage, faint heart! The hour is at hand—the clock is about to strike.

(To be continued.)

AN APT REPLY.—"Madame," said a doctor to the mother of a sweet healthy babe, "the ladies have deputed me to inquire what you do to have such a happy, uniform good child." The mother mused for a moment, and then she replied, simply and beautifully, "Why God has given me a healthy child, and I let it alone."

TO IMAGINE that mere beauty is sufficient to keep the marriage bond unbroken without heart and intellect, which alone can knit it firmly together, is to attempt weaving a garland of flowers without stems.

THE CHEMIST IN THE LAUNDRY.

WASHING has for its object not only the removal from our clothing of accidental dirt, but also to carry away certain ammoniacal salts, the products of perspiration, which are absorbed from the body by all the clothes that we wear, especially those nearest to the skin. A change of under garment is essential to health on this very account, and the art of washing is more useful in removing the hardened perspiration from the cloth — to which it clings most pertinaciously, like the matter of contagion — than in removing the superfluous dirt which merely offends the eye. Until recently, the laundress' first operation was to prepare "a ley" of potash, which she did by putting wood ashes into a tub having a perforated bottom. The tub was then filled with water, which, trickling through, dissolved in its course the potash contained in all wood ashes. The process is still extant in some parts of the country, especially where wood is used for fuel.

The starting process of washing now is to prepare a ley of soda. Hard water requires more soda than soft; and, when rain water can be procured, alkali may be dispensed with entirely. The utility of soda or of potash in washing arises from the power these alkalies possess of uniting with grease of all kinds, forming a soap; and to disunite the ammonia of the perspiration from the clothes, thus purifying the fabric and rendering it capable of the like absorption when again worn. This important action has hitherto been unnoticed. Now, although we admit their great utility, we particularly caution all parties not to use too much of these powerful alkalies, because cotton fabrics are partially dissolved by a strong hot soda, potash, or lime ley. It is to this cause that the "bad color" may be attributed, which the housewife now and then justly complains of in the linen. When the outer coatings of the filament of the

fabric are thus acted upon, they are quickly influenced by the air, and become of a yellow tint.

"There is another cause of "bad color," and that is an insufficient supply of water, or washing too many things in the same liquor. This gives rather a gray tint. The yellow color is, however, the great thing to guard against, as this partakes of a permanent evil; and we mention it in particular, because there are strong washing fluids sold containing lime and soda. In nine laundries out of ten, too much soda is already used; we need not, therefore, desire to increase the evil.

Many laundresses, when they hear complaints of the colors of the articles they send home, will make their alkaline ley a little stronger next washing-day, and thus unwittingly increase the evil. A judicious use of soda or pearl ash is highly beneficial, and a saving of labor; but, if in excess, is very injurious.

The strong lixivium, recently recommended for washing linen, has long been known to those who require to cleanse metals from impurities only. Printers, for instance, may use it with safety to cleanse the face of their type from the unctuous ink used in printing, because the ley is not strong enough to affect the metal. The very low priced soaps are by no means the cheapest in use; and they also impart an unpleasant odor to the linen, which can not be got rid of.

The use of "blue" in rinse water is too well known to need comment further than to our purpose. The ordinary blue is a compound of Prussian blue and starch. The color that it gives merely covers the yellow tint of the goods, without doing more. We would suggest the use of pure indigo instead of the common blue. This advice is founded upon practice as well as theory. Indigo, in this operation, is without any bad action on the fabric. Persons employed in the "indigo department" of the docks have the whitest linen of all people in London.— *Scientific American*.

LIFE IN BRAZIL.

THE negroes are as musical in Brazil as they are in the United States. Their chief instrument is the marimba, a calabash with thin steel rods fixed inside on a board; but every nation has its own, so that a Congo, Angola, Minas, Ashantee, or Mozambique instrument is recognizable. "The city," Mr. Ewbank says, "is an Ethiopian theater, and this is the favorite instrument of the orchestra." Mr. Ewbank admired some of the sable *lavandeiras*, or washing girls. They are very slightly draped; and figures, he says, graceful as any seen at the wells of the East, occur among them. Dogs are destroyed in the streets with little balls made of flour, fat, and nux vomica. Mr. Ewbank passed in one day five of these sacrifices made to Sirius.

Slaves are the beasts of draught as well as of burden. Few contrivances on wheels being in use, they mostly drag their loads, sometimes on a plank greased or wetted. Trucks are, however, getting more common. Sometimes the slaves are chained to the trucks. Neither age nor sex is free from iron shackles. Mr. Ewbank describes having seen a very handsome Mozambique girl with a double-pronged collar on; she could not have been over sixteen. While standing on the balcony of a house in Custom-house street, a little old negress, four-fifths naked, toddled past, in the middle of the street, with an enormous slop-tub on her head, (there are no conveniences nor sewers in Rio; every thing is carried away by the negroes,) and secured by a lock and chain to her neck.

"'Explain that, Mr. C. . . .,' I said. 'Oh, she is going to empty slops on the beach, and being probably in the habit of visiting *vendas*, she is thus prevented, as the offensive vessel would not be admitted.' Some slaves have been known to sell their 'barils' for rum, and such are sent to the fountains and to the Praya, accoutred as

that old woman is.' " The coffee-carriers do their work at a trot, or half-run, with a load weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, resting on the head and shoulders. The average life of a coffee-carrier does not exceed ten years. In that time the work ruptures and kills them! Negro-life is not much regarded in Rio. Yet the poor fellows go to their doomed task with a chant. Negroes are also made to carry coals, building-stones, and other heavy weight — loads almost fit for a cart and horse. "No wonder," Mr. Ewbank remarks, "that slaves shockingly crippled in their lower limbs are so numerous. There waddled before me, in a manner distressing to behold, a man whose thighs and legs curved so far outward that his trunk was not over fifteen inches from the ground." In others the knees cross each other, with the feet preternaturally apart, as if superincumbent loads had pushed his knees in instead of out. In others, again, the body has settled low down, and the feet are drawn both on one side, so that the legs are parallel at an angle of thirty degrees.

Apropos of Brazilian tobacco and snuff — the last, the real original and best in the world — Mr. Ewbank argues that tobacco has avenged, to some extent, the blood of her children slain by those of the Old, in its Circean effects, physical and moral. "All the conquerors have become tainted with the poison; the most ruthless are the most deeply polluted. Formerly the first powers of the earth, now contemptible for their weakness, dissensions, and crimes, slaves to blighting superstitions, to ignorance, poverty, pride, and a poisonous weed!"

What punishment may Providence also have in store for those who traffic in human flesh, and sell a fellow-creature to a servitude which allows of only ten years' life? Well might a stranger remark, on passing a castle-like structure in Rio, "The blood of negroes built that." Even in Brazil it is remarked that the great slave-merchants do not flourish long, and never

prosper to the last. "They die early, or their wealth leaves them; they live unhappy, and seldom leave children. With them the smell of gain is good, but like ice it melts away."

In Brazil, from the admixture of blood that takes place, the greatest variety of color is to be seen in the same family. Mr. Ewbank noticed one family of seven children, in which the youngest was very fair, while the color of the rest veered between cinnamon and olive. Besides crosses, crucifixes, crowns, palms, glories, and other sacerdotal *bijoutrie*, charms and amulets also abound. Even children are protected by these preservatives. Fashion in ornament also takes at times curious turns; one lady will wear a necklace of miniature culinary utensils, another wears a lock at one ear, and a key at the other. The sentiment embodied in the device is apparent: lock up what you hear. Even hour-glasses, as auricular pendants, are not out of fashion in Brazil.

There are only three or four eating-houses in Rio. The charges are low, and the viands uninviting. Every thing that has life and substance is said to be caught and cooked in Brazil, so that the stranger can not be always quite sure of what he is eating in a *ragout* at Rio. The prominent feature, curiously enough for so hot a climate, is the enormous consumption of pork. "And then what pork! It is all fat; at least, what lean appears is but a film—a slip of pink blotting paper lost in a ledger." Pork is used by the highest and lowest every day, and is considered by long experience to be as wholesome in Brazil as in any part of the earth. The great Spanish dish is the *olla*, and composed of fowls, mutton, beef, and other matters, but never without bacon; "an olla without bacon is no olla." And so with the Portuguese and Brazilians; a dinner without *toucinho* is next to no dinner at all. *Feijao tom toucinho* is the national dish of Brazil. Next to this in estimation comes *toucinho daceo*, "heavenly bacon," with almond paste,

eggs, sugar, butter, and a spoonful or two of flour. The glorification of bacon is of very ancient date, and as the most popular and esteemed of carneous aliments, it was given as rewards for rural, and particularly for connubial virtues. *El tocino del Parasio el casado no anepsio*. Bacon of Paradise, for the married who repent not, is a mediæval proverb. The lusty priests and sleek monks of Brazil indulge largely in *toucinho*, without much regard to the virtues. The first are notorious free-livers. Nearly all, Mr. Ewbank tells us, have families, and when seen leaving the dwellings of their wives—or females who ought to be—they invariably speak of them as their nieces or sisters.

Some of the popular articles of native pastry and confectionary awaken curiosity; "celestial slices," for example, described as fine bread soaked in milk, and steeped in a hot cound fluid of sugar, cinnamon, and yolk of eggs; "Mother Benta's cakes"—an angelic dainty, invented by an ancient nun of the Adjuda convent—the ingredients, rice-flour, butter, sugar, grated meat of the cocoa-nut, and orange-water; "widow's"—sweet paste, thin as tissue-paper, piled an inch thick on each other, and baked. Then there are "sighs," "lies," "angel's hair," "egg-threads," "weaning-pills," and "negro's feet." "Rosaries" are eight and ten-inch rings, or strings of praying-beads, by which the Credo may be acquired with incruised almonds, and Ave Marias counted with pellets of jujube paste.

The unavoidable tendency everywhere is to render labor disreputable. Black slavery is rife in Brazil, and Brazilians shrink with something allied to horror from manual employment. Ask a native youth of a family in low circumstances why he does not learn a trade and earn an independent living, ten to one he will tremble with indignation, and inquire if you mean to insult him! "Work! work!" cried one; "we have blacks to do that." Hundreds and hundreds of families

have one or two slaves, on whose earnings alone they live!

Hence in Rio, the master mechanics and tradesmen are, with the exception of a few French and other foreigners, Portuguese. The richest men in the country, the most industrious artisans, and assiduous of storekeepers, are Lusitanians. Brazilians dislike them, perhaps as much for the competence their diligence in business realizes as for any thing else.

Gambling in Rio is universal. Lotteries are granted for all sorts of things, and fresh ones are perpetually announced. Most of them are granted to religious orders, for their benefices. Boys run about peddling tickets; they enter stores, visit the markets, and even stop you in the street; nay, women are sent out as agents by the dealers.

GLITTER AND GOLD.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY,

CHAPTER I.

"Dress makes the man, and want of it, the fellow."

"AND so that is the man whom you have been praising so highly to me of late," exclaimed Ann Carpenter, as the street door closed.

"It is."

"Of all things!"

Mary paid no attention to the remark of her friend; she was bending over the astral, endeavoring to prevent it from giving so strong a light; but she turned it down too far, and had to screw it up again; and then she let the blaze stream up so, that it almost cracked the glass. It took her some time to suit the light to her fancy; but she did not seem to be thinking of the lamp, and so she was the more excusable.

Her cheeks were somewhat flushed, and there was a dreamy smile about her lips, and a light in her eye that was not always there. It could not be that Ann Carpenter's exclamation had so absorbed her attention, could it?

"And so you did not like him?" said she at length, seating herself.

"Like him, Mary! why — he's a perfect ragamuffin. I could pick up many a mechanic or country farmer in the streets who looks much better than he."

"Perhaps you could. I think some of our country farmers are among the finest-looking men in the world."

"But you do not pretend to say that they would be fit society for you?"

"They *might* not; but I think the unfitness would be mental, rather than personal. But with Mr. Ashley the case is far otherwise. I am sure you could not have listened to his conversation, or you would be less severe in your criticism."

"No, indeed! one glance was sufficient; I neither wished to see or hear any thing more of him after he first entered the room. Did you notice his coat? It must have been made for his grandfather; and as for the rest of his apparel, I presume it came from some second-hand clothing store. I know it was never fitted for him."

"Very well; then it probably deserves the credit of being paid for, and that is more than can be said of many an excellent garb."

"Well, I like to see people dress decently, whether their clothes are paid for or not. To think that you, who have been so fastidious with regard to the gentlemen of your acquaintance, should sit the whole evening, absorbed in the conversation of such a fellow as that, it is perfectly astonishing."

"My fastidiousness, as you choose to call it, Ann, never pertained particularly to coats and boots, if I remember right. It may be that the very thing which you dislike so much in Mr. Ashley, is that which makes him so agreeable to me."

"Well, if you have fallen in love with such an apparel as that, you must have a curious fancy; that's all I have to say."

"Understand me, if you please; I

do not mean to say that I have fallen in love with, or found any thing particularly agreeable in Mr. Ashley's clothing. When I fall in love, I hope that it will be with something better than the coat of a barbarian sheep, or the winding sheet of a silk worm. What I mean to say is, that that negligence of personal appearance, which so disgusts you with Mr. Ashley, may be the result of an exclusive attention to the cultivation of those mental powers with which I am so delighted."

"Verily, I do not think I should care for an acquaintance whose mental endowments were so all absorbing that he could not stop to comb his hair of a morning, or to brush his coat after having been lodged in the watch-house to pay for stumbling over the broken pavement when star-gazing at unseasonable hours. And, besides, I do not believe your philosophy. I think a man of really cultivated and refined mind, will show refinement also in his person."

"We have many examples to the contrary, Ann. How many of our great men have been noted for negligence or even slovenliness in dress."

"Why, in a real, decided, unmistakeable, and world-renowned genius, it is more excusable, and then many of our great men have risen from obscurity, or even poverty, and when their habits were formed, it was impossible for them to dress well."

"But who knows but that Mr. Ashley is poor."

"Well, if he is, what right has he here? What business have poor people in society?"

"Indeed! I was not aware that because a person is not blessed with wealth, he should therefore be cast out of all society, and frowned upon as if he were a criminal."

"But is it not better that those who can not afford to appear as we do, should remain in their own level of society. It saves them from the desire of living beyond their incomes, and us from the annoyance of their uncouth appearance."

"No, Ann, I think the distinctions of society are based too much upon the outward trappings of wealth, and that too little regard is paid to moral and intellectual worth. I do not approve of the endeavors which some people make to rise above what is called their own level in society; but I think a person finds his level, when he finds that class of people with whom he sympathizes, and by whom he is understood; whose tastes and feelings are similar to his. And yet, how many of the most refined tastes and feelings have been doomed to poverty, and would, according to your principles, be left with no other society than that of the most vulgar."

"Really, Mary, you are a strange girl. Do you think there is no polish required—nothing of that which marks the gentleman—that something which the poor man can never acquire?"

"Indeed, as for that matter, there is not a more perfectly free and easy gentleman among my acquaintances than this same Mr. Ashley, of whom we are speaking."

"Impudence, Mary—it's nothing in the world but impudence. That hodge-pole, across the street there, if he could once be made to believe that you would receive him on a level with yourself, would appear just as *free* and *easy* as this same gentlemanly Mr. Ashley of yours. I must confess, I never dreamed of meeting such a shabby personage in your father's parlor. Who could have introduced him."

"He brought me a letter of introduction from an intimate friend in B..., one in whose judgment I have the utmost confidence, and who certainly would not introduce to me an unfit associate. I noticed nothing peculiar in his appearance at first,—I am not addicted to study people by their apparel;—but since then, I must confess, I have sometimes thought him guilty of an almost unpardonable negligence in dress. Yet, when once engaged in conversation with him, I do not notice it, and I certainly do not

think I have ever met the man who was equally agreeable."

"Well, '*chacun a son gout*;' but I thought you were old enough to have done with romancing. Did you say you had friends in B....?"

"Only this one whom I mentioned."

"I have a cousin there, and she writes me that they have had for a toast there this some time past, a young millionaire, just returned from his travels in Europe. All the lasses have been exerting their charms upon him to the utmost, but without success. He is coming down here soon to spend the rest of the season, and I expect he has been reserving his heart for some of us. At least I mean to be ready for him, and I would advise you to drop your *tete a tetes* with such fellows as this Ashley, and reserve your charms for some purpose."

"No, Ann, I can assure you that I shall not give up society that is really agreeable to me, for the sake of playing the agreeable to some specimen of nonentity. I have seen several of these millionaires in my day, and they were the most wishy-washy affairs imaginable. I would rather have the diamond, with its case of pewter, than the paste, though it be set in gold."

"It does well for you, Mary, who has always rolled in wealth, to profess to despise it, and to call a person a wishy-washy affair, simply because he happens to be rich. How would you like to have others speak thus of you?"

"I call no one a wishy-washy affair simply because he is rich; but I do think that those who have been reared in wealth and luxury, are apt to think that they are independent of their own exertions; and the energies which they might once have possessed, having never been called into action, become paralyzed. I do not say that this is necessary, but it is natural, and, as far as my observation has extended, common. I have seen many a one, whose mind, thus wasted, had become as blank and stupid as a dormouse in the winter."

CHAPTER II.

"WHY, Harry, where in the world have you been?"

"To call on Miss Winslow."

"What! in that array?"

"In this array," replied Harry, casting a merry glance over his shoulder into the elegant mirror, with which his room was adorned.

"And the reason why your coat is so dirty, is because the footman kicked you down the steps, when you inquired for her, is n't it?"

"No, sir! I was admitted to her presence without the least hesitation."

"Verily, Hal, but I thought you were a temperance man."

"And what has caused you to change your opinion?"

"Why, the bare idea that you should call on Miss Winslow in such a trim as that. Upon my word, I never saw a man look more like a fright in my life."

"Miss Winslow must differ from you in opinion, for I assure you I have spent the last half-hour in a most interesting *tete-a-tete* with her, and she did not seem to be in the least affected with my appearance."

"But what mad spirit could have possessed you to call upon a lady when so carelessly dressed, whether she felt insulted by your appearance or not?"

"To tell you the truth, Dick, I have a design upon the heart of Miss Winslow."

"Really! you have. And you have formed an exalted opinion of her taste, have you not, to suppose that she will be captivated by a threadbare coat, and —"

"I do not intend to captivate Miss Winslow with my coat or any thing that pertains to my external appearance."

"Your money, you think, is sufficient?"

"Miss Winslow does not know that I have a cent in the world. No, Dick, the woman that loves me must love me for myself alone, and my wife must be one who would have been mine let my

circumstances in life have been what they might."

"Faith, Hal, you are the vainest man I ever met. Do you know that for years past Miss Winslow has resisted every attempt upon her heart, until she has come to be styled the unconquerable. And now do you think that in the character of a suffering outcast, or a half-starved poet you can carry the long besieged citadel."

"I shall try it, at least; many a banner has been struck to secret overtures, where burnished arms and practiced chivalry had failed to do the work. Three years ago, Carothers, I was as poor as my present appearance would indicate, but I was no less proud than I am now, and I will not yield my heart to one who would then have scorned me. My wealth came suddenly and unexpectedly, and through no merit or exertion of my own; and as it may flee as soon, I will wed no one who weds me for my gold."

"Truly, Harry, you are nursing a most romantic dream; you must suppose that there is true worth and disinterested affection in this world which you will never find. Wealth gives us advantage over the poor, which is right and proper for us to use; the eyes of men are sensual not spiritual; they will not discern the gold unless it glitters, and we need some outward blandishments to win our way into the heart, be it true or false; and, as for the truth or falsehood, I believe all hearts are alike; every one will do the best for himself that he can, in point of situation in life:

"For Cupid sleeps no more on banks of roses,
The Bank of England is the bank for him."

"Have done, Carothers, with this puling strain. This endless croak about the heartlessness of the world, which is forever borne upon the lips of the heartless, as a sort of excuse for their own want of truth, is a thing of which I am heartily tired. There are true spirits yet on earth, and there would be fewer false ones were it not for this ceaseless hue and cry about the

coldness of the world which causes so many to think that they shall never meet with sympathy below; therefore to confine their sympathies to close barriers till they become as nauseous as a stagnant pool. I confess that I too have joined too much in the sickly sentiment, but it was not when my better nature predominated. I came to this place, wearied and disgusted with all around me; tired of the annoying attentions, the ceaseless wooings, not of me but of my wealth; and I came with the resolution of remaining in seclusion. An introduction to Miss Winslow, however, was pressed upon me by a mutual friend, and feeling the utmost indifference whether I was to meet an Amazon, or a Fenella, a saint or a vixen, I called upon her; called because the letter brought was not simply a letter of introduction, but because I had promised my friend that I would do so. I was pleased with Miss Winslow at once; not that her beauty struck me; I have seen those who were more beautiful with whom I was not in the least interested; not that her manners were polished and agreeable, for this is a charm which could not have moved my indifference; but I felt that I was *met*; that the same things made on her mind an impression similar to that which was made on my own. In fine, that she was one with whom I could sympathize, and this is what I had not been accustomed to find in women. There was, if you will submit to the fancy, a spirit looking out at her eyes, with which I had long held converse, though I never found it embodied before, and I recognized it at once."

"Well, Harry, you go beyond me entirely; I can not reason with a man who sees *familiar spirits* in a woman's eyes. I can not tell how many spirits Miss Winslow may have seen looking out of yours, but I should think she would take you for a spirit in good earnest. But if you recognized her so soon, if you held converse with her so long, what need is there of

proving her in the manner you are endeavoring to do? I should suppose you would have confidence in her at once, and be sure that where she professed to give her affections she would give them in truth."

"Not at all. I know that there is an angel in her heart, and that it still looks out at her eyes, but I do not know whether it is the ruling one or not, the world may have spoiled her."

"You say that she receives you well."

"She does; and I have even the vanity to think that my society is of some value to her."

"Pshaw! Harry; I have known Miss Winslow this many a day, and she is a refined, strong-minded, and calm-judging woman of the world; none of your romantic, fluttering dreamers to be caught in the snare you have laid for her, and as for your ruse, let me tell you, it will never succeed. One of two things is true; she either takes you for some poor dog worthy her patronage, but one whom she would never think of acknowledging as an acquaintance, or she knows you, and in your stratagem you are only fooling yourself."

"Know me she can not, unless you have betrayed me, and this you promised positively not to do. There is not another individual than yourself in town who knows me. But I have not the least doubt that she considers me a poor dog, and this is precisely what I wish her to do. Only a few days since we had a long conversation about the comparative happiness of the rich and the poor, and it was very evident that she considered me as one of the latter class. Whether she will acknowledge me as an acquaintance or not, remains to be seen."

"When do you intend to call again?"

"I do n't know. Why?"

"Why, I would contrive to stumble upon you there. I will read her a lecture after you are gone about associating with such fellows. I am sufficiently acquainted to do it, and

then I can easily discover if she knows you."

"Capital! Do! Good! but you won't betray me."

"Trust me with that."

CHAPTER III.

"Who has inquired for you, Mary?" asked Judge Winslow, as his daughter passed him in the hall.

"Mr. Ashley's name was given to me, sir," replied Mary, with more calmness of voice than feeling, for her father was not accustomed to trouble himself with regard to her acquaintances.

"And is he that shabby-looking fellow who came up the steps just before me?"

"Perhaps so," said Mary, the blood mounting to the temples; "Mr. Ashley is rather careless in his dress."

Judge Winslow strode on to the back parlor, and Mary paused a moment with her hand pressed upon her throbbing temples to collect her bewildered thoughts before she entered the room.

"Sweets to the sweet," said Ashley, rising as she entered the room. "Will Miss Winslow accept a trifle?" and he placed in her hand a tastefully arranged bouquet of rare exotics.

Mary fixed her eyes upon the costly gift, and uttered a cold, and somewhat confused acknowledgement. So surely had she connected with Mr. Ashley, in her mind, an idea of extreme poverty, that she felt surprised and somewhat pained by the present. She had every reason to suppose that she was not an object of indifference to him, and she thought that he had doubtless obtained, at a sacrifice to himself, that which was of little or no value to her. Besides she felt that she had perhaps been wrong in allowing her acquaintance to progress to a degree of intimacy, with a person of whom she knew so little. True he had been introduced to her by a friend on whose judgment she relied, and it was on this

ground that she had constantly excused herself for the favor with which she received him. Perhaps this introduction was a forgery; she did not believe it, and yet it was not impossible. But no, it *was* impossible. Mr. Ashley possessed a high tone of thought and feeling — a loftiness of sentiment and of principle which she had never met before. She was sure that he must be all that was good, and more than he appeared. Yet her elegant acquaintances had stared when they met him in her parlor. Miss Carpenter was loud in her protestations against her receiving such company, and Carothers, a good friend of long standing, and of decided good sense, had read her a homily upon admitting to her society persons of so humble appearance, of whom she knew nothing. All this Mary had weighed, and pondered in her heart, but without changing her conduct toward Ashley; he was still the prominent object in her mind's eye; the remarks that he made on various subjects were constantly recurring; his judgment, his taste, his principles seemed a model on which she was fain to form her own. She could not but confess to herself that he was an object of no common interest. Yet her father's question and frown laid heavy on her heart. She was embarrassed, and absent in her remarks, and when at last Ashley asked her to accompany him on a ride that afternoon, she started, and he was obliged to repeat the request before she comprehended it. And then, as she attempted to stammer a half-framed excuse, she felt his deep dark eyes fixed searchingly upon her, and stopped short from confusion.

"I understand you, Miss Winslow," said Ashley, rising, after waiting in vain for her to finish the sentence; "I understand you perfectly. Nor do I in the least desire that you should consent to appear in public with one whose society you would consider a disgrace. I was wrong in supposing that even your mind could overlook the distinction of rank and station, and

meet its fellow as its equal. Forgive my presumption. I will annoy you with my presence no more. Farewell."

His hand was upon the door, it was opened, and nearly closed behind him before Mary had recovered herself, but then starting suddenly up she exclaimed:

"Mr. Ashley, stay. You shall not think thus of me; I will go."

"No, Miss Winslow, I do not wish that your generosity should lead you to do that which costs you so evident a struggle. Your happiness is of more value to me than my own gratification. Fortune has placed an impassable barrier between us, and it is better that we never meet again. I withdraw the invitation. Good morning."

Mary had recovered her self-possession, and her decision. "Mr. Ashley," said she, "will you ride with me this afternoon?"

"I will."

Ah, Mary Winslow, where is the boasted calmness of thy mind? the cold *discretion* which has been thy pride? Where are the guards with which thy heart was set? Behold thou art weeping like a child over the image of one whom thou wouldst fain banish from thy heart. What is the paper which lies crushed in thy hand? A note that lay concealed amid the leaves of that bouquet. Thou hast read it, and what does it contain? Words of burning import to thyself, and of little value to the world beside? Keep them then, we would not know them, for even with thee they have but added to thy grief. But, hush! thou'rt calmer now — what are thy words?

"Why was he ever doomed to cross my path? why have I suffered myself to become thus interested in one upon whom all others look with contempt. Am I not mistress of my own affections. It were better that we had parted then, but it was so sudden, to think of never meeting him again. Yet it shall be. This meeting shall be our last. I will tell him frankly how I regret our acquaintance, and know

that he will approve my judgment; he will respect me the more for dealing openly with him." (Ha! what carest thou for the respect of one whom it is thy duty to despise?) "Yes, I will do it. My father shall not have occasion to feel annoyed about the persons with whom I associate."

Aye, Mary, thy father has been thine idol, and his wish thy law. Is there yet a bond on earth that can bind thee more strongly than this? Wilt thou abide by the wise resolution thou hast formed? We shall see.

CHAPTER IV.

"If his head and heart are what I think them to be, I would marry him though he were a chimney-sweep;" and Mary returned her father's serious glance, with a look as calm and decided as his own.

"Mary, have you pondered well what you say?"

"I have. I do not think the comforts of life depend at all upon wealth; its luxuries may, but not its pure enjoyment. I would rather make my abode in the humblest cot, where I could find sympathy of thought and feeling, than in the proudest halls that ever rung to the tread of the hollow-hearted. I know that poverty has its trials, and I know too that it would be a trial to me to sink from the circle of society in which I have been accustomed to move, but it would be a greater one to inflict a wound upon a noble spirit."

"Do you suppose, Mary, that hollow-heartedness is confined to the halls of wealth? Do you not know that the wealth which you are supposed to possess, would be a shining mark to one like Ashley, and can you suppose that it is disinterested affection, rather than self-interest which has led him to seek you?"

"I do suppose it, sir. Do you think I would have encouraged the attention of such a man as he, had I not sup-

posed him incapable of a groveling thought."

"Ah, my daughter, I fear you will yet learn a bitter lesson of the deceit of the world. But I think it my duty to remove as far as possible from you, the snare into which you seem to be falling. I have before told you that I should leave you to your own choice in marriage, but let me also add that if you marry this man, not a cent of my property will be yours until your husband can bring an equal sum to meet your dower."

"But you will not withhold from me your love."

"My love will always follow my child, however deeply I may be grieved by her errors."

"Thank you, dear father, a thousand thanks. I ask not for your gold. I believe that I shall exchange it for true gold, which, though it looks not bright and glittering to the eyes of men, will yet be to me a mine of wealth to which that which fills your coffers will bear no comparison."

"Hurry, Lucy, do, the hour for the wedding is past already, and they are very punctual at Judge Winslow's. Come, the carriage is at the door; I would not miss seeing the ceremony for any thing. I want to know how Mary looks throwing herself away — whether she appears as happy as she has done all along. Poor girl, she'll repent it most bitterly. Such things may seem very romantic beforehand, but when the real poverty comes, it is a bitter thing. Well, here we are, and dear me, all the world is here besides. Who ever thought there would be such a turn-out, but I suppose they all felt curious to see how it went off. And besides I suppose it will be Mary's last appearance in society. Her father makes the wedding, but she is not to have any of his property, so of course she will sink into insignificance at once. I was to have been bridesmaid if she had married any body decent, but I would have no hand

in such an affair as this. There, we shall not be able to see any thing now, there's such a crowd—'can you breathe?'"

"O, yes, I do very well if I could only see any thing. Why, Ann, I thought you said he was not here."

"Who?"

"Why *he*, our millionaire—our beau—our traveled bear, whose fame I have been dinning in your ears so long."

"Well, he is n't; he could *not* have come to town without my knowing it, I have been on the look out for—"

"There! there he is again,—step this way, and you'll see him,—*the bridegroom, as I live!*"

"Who is the bridegroom?"

"Why, Henry Ashley."

"To be sure he is, did n't I tell you that was his name."

"But you said he was a clown, and a beggar."

"Well, he is."

"Well, he is n't, he is the very man who has turned the heads of all the girls in B. . . . this—"

"Where, Lucy—I do n't believe you see the bridal party."

"Why, there Ann, just opposite us on the other side of the drawing-room, with Mary Winslow's hand in his, and the priest, and the book, and the ring. So you and I may as well strike our colors, for Henry Ashley is a married man."

"I do not believe it is he, Lucy. Mr. Williams of B., wrote Judge Winslow, that he knew him well, and that he was as poor as Job. I saw the letter myself."

"Impossible, Ann. Mr. Williams and Ashley are sworn friends, and he knew well that he was as rich as—there is Mr. Williams now saluting them. I did not know he was in town."

"Truly, Lucy, this is a strange affair. Let me see, what did Mr. Williams say in that letter—it was something like this, that his talents were his chief fortune, and that he thought he possessed energy enough to get through

the world in some way or other, and as for the polish, he thought Mary's hand might supply that."

"Doubtless, he thought what he said. Ashley is acknowledged everywhere to be a man of brilliant talents, but most people prefer the wealth to the wit."

"There comes Dick Carothers, I *must* tell him. He will be so astonished. He felt dreadfully to think Mary would stoop so low. He was introduced to Ashley here one day, and he stared, and treated him as if he had been a bricklayer, don't you think; and then after he was gone, gave Mary a real lecture for associating with such vulgar people. It was when I was visiting here, and I heard it all."

"Good evening, Mr. Carothers. My cousin, Miss Lucy Carpenter from B. . . . Would you believe, Mr. Carothers, cousin Lucy says, she is well acquainted with Mr. Ashley, and he is as rich as a Jew; do n't you think it is wicked to deceive people so?"

"Rich, you don't say," exclaimed Dick, with a look of astonishment.

"Yes, as rich as may be, and genteel, and talented, and all that;—is n't it so odd?"

"Odd! to be sure; well then, perhaps you will go up, with your greeting to the new couple. I supposed you just came to peep at the ceremony, and go away again, but perhaps you heard he was rich before you came, and that is the reason why you are here."

Ann looked at Carothers to see if he meant any thing more than he said, but his face seemed a perfect blank, and so she answered innocently, "Oh no, I knew nothing of it till this moment, nor did cousin Lucy."

"So you yielded to the king in a beggar's garb," whispered Miss Carpenter, as she grasped the hand of the bride. "Pray, did you not catch a glimpse of the signet ring before you capitulated?"

"You speak in parables, Ann, pray explain yourself?"

"I mean that you have sprung a

mine of gold, and kept it carefully covered, lest it should be plundered before you obtained possession."

"Worse and worse, I do not understand you, what do you mean?"

"Mr. Ashley do explain to your wife that you have known cousin Lucy '*autrefois*,' and so she need not try to deceive us any longer; for I know who you are, and all about you."

"Has my wife ever attempted to deceive you with regard to who I am, and all about me? I was not aware that she knew any thing about me which she thought necessary to conceal."

"Why, when I told her so much about you, and she looked so ignorant, and innocent, as if she never had dreamed that you were the great man of whom I was speaking, was not that deceiving me?"

"How fond you are of enigmas, Ann, do tell us what you mean?" said Mary.

"Why, I mean that you have married the richest man in the country, and pretended all the while —"

"To be sure, Mary *has* married the richest man in the country, and it was impossible for her to have done otherwise. He who possesses her, must, of course, be the wealthiest man in the land, though he never possessed a guinea in his life," said Ashley.

"Oh, what a romantic couple you are — so then the wealth is of no importance to you either, Mary?"

Mary looked puzzled — she did not see the point of their remarks — but she replied:

"The wealth I have obtained is all important to me, but it is a wealth which is preserved in the mind, and not the bank. It is this which I value, and not the paint upon the lily's leaf — the gilding on the gold."

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best medicine.

OTHER PEOPLE.

IT was wisely remarked by Franklin, and by popular proverb long before him, that the eyes of other people are the great cause of our expenses. "Other people," popularly symbolized by the celebrated and greatly feared Mrs. Grundy, are indeed a fearful source of expense, and could we economise that which we virtually bestow on them, not in charity, but as a sort of black mail paid to the robber of Public Opinion, we should all be in a condition which would have thrilled with joy the very soul of Poor Richard. But it is not merely in matters of pecuniary expense that "other people" affect us. It may be urged that a dread of other people is a great support to morality — that many a man who would otherwise be an abandoned wretch, is kept straight by the dread of *QUE DIRA T'ON*, or "what will the world say," and finally that the matter of which we are apparently complaining, really involves the entire system of social relations with its manifold lights and shadows. To which we would reply, that a little examination, a little careful sifting would soon show that in this regard for "what will the world say," there are abuses of a most cruel nature, and that probably no people in the world — not even the French, are so much afflicted by them as we are.

There is in this country, and in every class and condition of those who aspire to refinement an incredible proportion of people, whose every spring of action, whose entire bearing in life is modeled, not on a sense of duty or of natural inclinations — but of fear of others — who acquire no accomplishment, and who scarcely indulge in a taste, without reference to the exactions of society or the effect which they produce on others. From infancy their every idea flows in this train, and it would be no difficult matter to point out many whose fulfillment of moral and religious duties, if carefully analyzed, would be found to be mere var-

nish over the frame work of "society," without a thought and without a will of their own, they are mere reflections of something not themselves, and without suspecting it, they pass through life the merriest artificial creatures in existence.

It is the worst of this class of people, that they never suspect their own miserable want of originality. It is true, and without an exception, that those persons who have a REAL taste for reading, for music, for art—in short for any pursuit which "takes us away from self"—even politics when honestly pursued—are the most removed from this benumbing habit of submitting every petty act to a terrible tribunal of somebodies. But woe to those who are from very infancy subject to such outside influences that they only cultivate literature or accomplishments with regard to effect. And such persons are unfortunately so numerous that we should scarcely dare assign their proportion among the educated and refined.

The result of having a mind solely influenced by what other people think is, that the unfortunate possessor of such a mind—or rather such an artificial imitation of a mind—finds that that conversation only interests which turns on other people and their affairs. Let any one who takes an interest in this matter take part in, or listen to one of those conversations which may be so frequently heard, not merely among the young and giddy in public places, but among the old and the grave, and then seriously analyze what he has heard. He has heard remarks relative to the private life and connections of persons who certainly would not feel grateful for such discussion, and who if told of it, would probably suggest with reason, that the conversers had better mind their own business. Worst of all, he would be able very frequently to realize that a striking proportion of the persons thus talked about, were absolutely unacquainted with those who talked so freely of them. It is announced that

Miss So-and-so is to be married—that Mr. So-and-so is attentive—that his wife is dead, and the minutest particulars relative to the prospects, acts, and possible emotions of each are discussed to the last particular—possibly by those who have never seen them.

In fact this endless talking about other people, is the great nuisance of society, and is more destructive than any other cause to true taste and intellectual culture. It is not well-bred; it indicates a narrowness of mind, and those who find in it the exclusive staple for conversation, have not—whatever their 'position' may be—a claim to be regarded as either intelligent or refined.

THE TABLE.

THE table is one of the most important parts of every household. It is not only essential to physical good, but pregnant with moral and social lessons. But the tables of all households are not alike. Some are like the barbarian board, spread with the roughest fare only to satisfy the physical appetite. Some bear the marks of ignorance and rudeness, being spread in disorder and supplied with gross and hurtful food, around which gather in chaotic confusion the half swinish hoard of the family. Some are heavily laden with good, bad, and indifferent food spread with a half-cultured taste, and are approached in a half orderly and half disorderly manner by a family bearing marks of a transition state from barbarism to refinement. Some are spread with a refined and artistic taste, supplied with nutritious and wholesome food, prepared with a view to the laws of health and the pleasures of appetite, which is received by the family with quiet and refined social satisfaction. Nothing more surely indicates the state of culture and refinement in a family than its table. If it is set without order, giving the appearance of a shower of food rained on in confusion and piled up

and overloaded at that, and then is partaken of, as though it was the first meal ever eaten and the last expected, and as though it must all be eaten in one minute, launched in heedless and unmasticated confusion into craving stomachs, every man, woman, and child diving into the soup bowl, meat-plate and bread-tray at once, with no head to preside and no hand to direct, it is clear that that family is not so far advanced from barbaric rudeness as is desirable.

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

PRAISE your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable,—for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have this ten years, but it will do her good, for all that, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat, through winter's toil, they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers, and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Homely, every-day life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want, somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it, so fresh and agreeably lustrous. Every thing that pleases the eye and the senses, has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not ap-

preciate these things and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty—"Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife!" or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains!" They thank the tailor for giving them "fits;" they thank the man in full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room; in short, they thank everybody and every thing out of doors, because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if the wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire had gone down; or, if every thing is just right, shut their mouth with a smack of satisfaction, but never say, "I thank you!"

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an *ordinary civility* toward those common articles of house-keeping, your wives, if you would give them the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married—if you would stop the badinage about who you are going to have when "number one" is dead, (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes,)—if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your apparent so-so-ish affection. Praise your wife, then, for all the good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

CHILDHOOD.—Lindlay considers a child from five to fifteen months, capable of understanding the will of parent or nurse, and therefore a proper subject of law and discipline; and the period from five months to four years of age he regards the most important of education.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

YESTERDAY, to-day and to-morrow. What a spell lies within those three little words!

Yesterday! What was yesterday but our early life—what was our early life but yesterday? To-day is the stern reality of our existence—the fate that must be met and braved: but yesterday—oh! that was the poetry of existence—the lovely and beloved time when all was happiness and innocence around us, and when we were happy and innocent, too. To-morrow, in those earliest days, was, to us the most beautiful time. All dreams and fancies, almost impossible to realize on account of their very loveliness, were to come true then. But now—ah! now—to-morrow has a very different meaning in our ears.

To-morrow brings new cares and duties, and new pains; and it is only by looking back to yesterday that we can see a time that was free from all these.

It was in the bright, free morning of yesterday, that we kissed that gentle mother whose whole life was full of love for us, and went bounding off to school. It was then that our playmates gathered around us, delighted to follow where we led. It was then that the merry slide down-hill, the mad "snow-ball," the noisy game of hide and seek, filled up our list of pleasure. It was then that blue-eyed Susie looked timidly at us over the top of her spelling book, and let us show her home from school, and cried with her little checked apron to her eyes when we were whipped. It was then that we loved the little fairy almost better than life itself, and had vague, impossible dreams of being cast away with her upon some desolate island, and living there with her for ever. It was in the pleasant hours of yesterday that we watched her grown up into a tall and graceful maiden—that we won her, strange to tell! and not to that fairy-like island, but to a plain and quiet home—a Paradise on earth.

What says to-day to this? She points her finger, laughing scornfully the while, to the home which, from an humble cottage, has expanded into a marble palace, and shows us Susie, no longer young and modest, but gay, heartless, and fashionable, the careless mother of three daughters, as gay and careless as herself. Paradise seems to have given place to Pandemonium, for strife and bitterness reign within those walls. Unto to-day belongs the grave and careworn business man, who stands in his own beautiful house, and in his family, as a stranger. To-day has done it all, for the youth who married Susan needed hard lessons before he came to this. All the beauty of his life is laid away—it was yesterday, and to-day has nothing to do with it—yet sometimes, as he sits in the counting-room of his great warehouse, and hears a hand-organ playing, he buries his face in his hands, and something of the old grace and beauty come back, as he thinks, with tears in his eyes, of all that is lost to him for ever.

What of to-morrow? Should we look upon it only as a continuation of to-day—another season in which we may grow more careless and proud, and lay up for ourselves treasures which the moth and rust may corrupt? Oh, better that we never had been born!

For to-morrow brings us to the grave! To-morrow strips us of our business importance and Susie of her fashionable robes, and lays us, two poor, cold, silent corpses, in our coffins! Then, what answer shall we make to Him who entrusted us with the "ten talents?"

Oh, let us be warned—let us be warned! Life is not merely made up of happiness and ambition. We are not placed here solely to gratify or aggrandize ourselves; there are higher and nobler things to be done. The sick are to be visited, the suffering are to be comforted, and the poor are to be relieved, that the world may be better and happier because of our living in it.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

YOUR CHILD'S INHERITANCE.

WHAT are you doing, sir? Taking just a few whiffs more from your cigar in the cool of the evening, when the weather is so delightful, and the Havanas so luxurious. But you had already taken so many of them that your nerves will dance you a hornpipe half the night, and make you wretched as a galley slave for hours "the morrow morn." "Very well; it is nobody's business but mine. If I am harmed by the indulgence, I alone must suffer." "You are mistaken sir. It is your child's business. He who is bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh, whose nerves must be pitched to the tune of your own, and who wins from you the tone of health which he must carry with him through life." "But, Madam, I do not believe that this delicious Havana can injure either him or me." "There you are slow of faith. We think it will. But you know positively that the late oyster supper and its accompaniments in which you indulged last night did injure you — adding new twinges to your dyspepsia, and placing additional wrinkles upon your already cadaverous visage. What right have you to mock the sunlight with such a face as yours is growing to be? What right have you to burden the air of a world that should echo with music, with the wailing you are fain to pour out over the consequences of your reckless self-indulgence. What right have you to proffer to your child a cup of life so full of bitterness as that which he must inherit from your low slavery to appetite and passion. You claim the right of suffering for yourself. It must be a happy privilege. Do you claim also the right to inflict suffering on others? Do we not see on every side of us the pale and wretched children of those whose lives have fallen a prey to their beastly self-indulgence? How easy it is for those children to fall victims to the same vices which destroyed their parents! How hard it is for them to resist the temptations to which their parents have so basely yielded! It is thus that "the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation."

And do you think that your minor indul-

gences will have a less certain effect upon your children? Do you think that the injury you are doing to your health will stop with yourself? Are you not riveting upon the child you profess to love so much, a chain which must clank after him to the grave? There are a thousand varieties of intemperance in which you may indulge to the poisoning of your blood, and the injury of your race. Intemperance in labor, as well as in the indulgence of passion. But no gold that your labor can amass for your child will be equal to the blessing of health. Why should you deprive him of the one thing which can render all else you may leave him, an enjoyment? Will he be grateful to you for the life which you have given him, so clogged and hampered by disease? He has a right to demand of you the best inheritance of health that it is possible to bestow. Look to it, fathers and mothers, that you do your best to grant it.

"H." writes us briefly on a subject which ought to claim more attention than it does from most of our people. It has been said that America is a sad country "to grow old in." Indeed, we seem to hurry through the world so fast that we are apt to slip off the stage of existence before old age comes on, and thus become accustomed to yield no place to it. And it is sad to grow old in a society which yields us no acknowledged place, and imposes no duties upon us. We are glad that the subject has been canvassed by our correspondent:

BLOOMINGDALE, ILL.

MRS. AREY — *Dear Friend*: You may indeed be addressed as such, as you seem to take an interest in all the social relations of life. Not accustomed to write for the public eye, I have taken the liberty of sending a few home-scribblings, hoping they may turn your thoughts to a subject of which I have been led to think of late; viz., "The Duties of Grandmothers." How often it is said of this and that one, they have finished their education. And when they are married, and their attention turned to the active duties of life, they think their time of improvement is

past; but it should not be so. There is opportunity for improvement, though our sphere be that of poverty, and we obliged to labor daily. The great book of Nature ever lies open before us, and with a little effort our thoughts may be trained to dwell on the most sublime subjects, and we be constantly improving while life lasts.

Much has been said on the duties of mothers, and much thought should be given to so important a subject; but when their children pass out into the world, and are no longer under their care, they feel that their mission on earth is about finished, and the last thing thought of such is, that they should be calculating on improvement. If life is spared us, another important family station is just before us. According to the usual course of events, we shall soon be surrounded by a host of little prattlers, and the grandmother's duties are important. With a life of experience and observation to assist her, she should be calculated to do much good. While the young mother is occupied with more active duties—the care of a family, and oftentimes over-attention to the dress and outward appearance of the little ones—the grandmother has passed her season of care, and has more leisure to try to inculcate good principles, to teach them quiet lessons of self-denial, to try and inspire a love of truth, and, in short, to lead them to the great source of all excellence, and early teach them to look up to the Father of mercies with grateful praise for all their little comforts.

Grandmothers are often looked upon as a burthen in a family, and sometimes they are so, and often great blame rests on the children for not treating them with that kindness and respect their age requires. But if this class are active Christians, and feel in earnest to do good, where can so pleasant a spot be found as with their own children's little ones? It is like watching blossoms on shrubs of their own training. It will tend to increase patience and love; for if we are in earnest to do any one good, we can bear almost any annoyance with quietness. How often the child runs to grandma for a story; and here is another way to amuse and do good. Oh! if every one is disposed to do good, there is plenty to do even till death. And who can tell the good results from such labors after

grandparents and parents shall have gone to their final rest! H. . . .

"The Perplexed Housewife," by Mrs. F. D. GAGE, has quite as much truth as poetry in it. There is more than one housewife in the world who often finds herself nearly as much perplexed as this one in the song, with the hurrying of her work, and the worrying of her child. Yet no one thinks of it, for it is the custom in those portions of the country where they live, for wives and mothers to wear their lives out in the midst of such perplexities, and sink into the grave at an age when they should be the blessing of their families, and the ornaments of society. If the farmer were half as much hurried with work, he would hire "a hand" to help him, but his wife does not need it, because his mother lived and died in the same way without complaining. Perhaps he doesn't believe that the very child that his wife now toils with in her arms is all the more worrisome—all the greater drain upon her strength and patience, because he descended from that mother of his who thus exhausted the springs of life. We have a great deal written and *lectured* about overtaxed seamstresses, and others of the gentler sex who "earn their living;" but this matter of housewives who wear out their lives "for the sake of being supported," seems to demand very little attention. And yet these are the mothers who, with their exhausted strength and overstrained patience, are nursing and rearing the future strong men—the bulwarks of our "glorious Republic!" Here is Mrs. Gage's very plain exposition of the matter:

Here's a big washing to be done,
One pair of hands to do it,
Sheets, skirts and stockings, coats and pants,
How shall I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
The baby cross as he can live—
He's always so on Monday!

And there's the cream, 't is getting sour,
And must forthwith be churning,
And here's Bob wants a button on—
Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread has worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil —
Oh, dear! that baby's waking.

Hush, baby dear! hush! hush!
I wish he 'd sleep a little,
Till I could run and get some wood,
To hurry up the kettle.

Oh, dear! if P. . . . comes home
And finds things in this pother,
He 'll just begin to tell me all
About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready
Exactly as the noon-bell rung —
Hush, hush! dear little Freddy.

And then will come some hasty word,
Right out, before I'm thinking;
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now, is n't that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, half-sick wife,
Can't always smile so winning?

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble,
Had clothes and pocket money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, a-lass! was courted —
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook,
housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress,
dairywoman and scrub generally — doing the work of six —
For the sake of being supported!

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

WARM BATHING.

The opinion that warm baths generally relax is erroneous; they are no doubt debilitating when used by persons of a weak and relaxed constitution, or when continued too long; but on the contrary, they invariably give tone when employed in the cases to which they are properly applicable. There are certain rules for the use of the warm bath which should invariably be acted up to. Their neglect might be followed by serious consequences.

Temperature of the water. When the warm bath is used as a measure of hygiene, as a general rule any degree of temperature may be chosen between ninety-two and ninety-eight degrees, which appears to be the most agreeable to the child; but on no account must ninety-eight degrees be exceeded. When ordered as a remedial measure, the temperature will of course be fixed by the medical attendant. The same degree of temperature must be kept up during the whole period of immersion. For this purpose the thermometer must be kept in the bath, and additions of warm water made as the temperature is found to decrease. These additions of warm water, however, must be regulated by the indications of the thermometer, and not by the feelings of the child.

Period of remaining in the bath. This must depend upon circumstances. It must be varied according to the age of the child. For the first four or five weeks the infant should not be kept beyond three or five minutes; and the duration must afterward be gradually prolonged as the child advances in age, until it extends to a quarter of an hour, a period which may be allowed after it has attained the age of four years. If the bath is employed as a *remedial agent*, the time of immersion must be prolonged; this will be determined by the medical adviser. Speaking generally, a quarter of an hour may be said to be the shortest period, an hour the longest, and half an hour the medium. When in the bath care must be taken that the child's body is immersed up to the shoulders or neck, otherwise that part of the body which is out of the bath — the shoulders, arms, and chest — being exposed to the cooler temperature of the air, will be chilled. And the instant the infant or child is taken out of the bath, the general surface, especially the feet, must be carefully rubbed dry with towels previously warmed; and when one of the objects of the bath is to excite much perspiration, the child should be immediately wrapped in flannels and put to bed. If, however, the object is not to excite perspiration, the child may be dressed in his ordinary clothing, but should not be allowed to expose himself to the open air for at least an hour.